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OLD ST. ANDREWS



ST. MARY'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

OLD ST. ANDREWS

BY
ERIC S. ROBERTSON
LL.D., ST. ANDREWS



WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM DRAWINGS BY
THE AUTHOR
AND A MAP

1923
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PREFACE

THIS is not a formal history, even in brief. It is mainly a meditation, an attempt to make a company of monuments at St. Andrews speak together and reveal warmth still smouldering in their sombreness, much as half an hour of sunshine and cloud-shadows might bring out, to attentive eyes, the character in a belt of twisted seashore trees.

Dr. J. Maitland Anderson and Dr. D. Hay Fleming are the great living authorities within this circle of speculation. Only because each of these scholars has been too busied in other directions to find time for producing an account of our city's general evolution, the following pages are put forward. Dr. Anderson has read them for publication, and this honour leaves the writer largely benefited and very grateful.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE COLUMBANS	I
II. THE CULDEES	19
III. ST. RULE'S AND THE FRIARS.	26
IV. PRIORY LIFE	48
V. RISE AND FALL OF CHURCH FABRICS	58
VI. A GUILD OF CATHEDRAL BUILDERS	64
VII. WORKING BISHOPS	72
VIII. CASTLED BISHOPS	78
IX. THE PALACE OF ARCHBISHOPS	93
X. A PATCHWORK OF CITY LIFE	125
XI. QUEEN MARY'S DREAMS	146
XII. DR. JOHNSON'S IMPRESSIONS.	184
XIII. A FEW WORDS ABOUT TO-DAY	191
INDEX	201

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ST. MARY'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
MONK'S WELL, SOUTH OF ST. RULE'S	<i>facing page</i>	4
ST. ANDREWS, FROM BALMUNGO	„	14
INNER HARBOUR; ABOVE, SITE OF CULDEE SETTLEMENT.	„	19
ST. RULE'S TOWER, FROM NORTH	„	43
WEST CATHEDRAL AND UNIVERSITY, FROM TOP OF ST. RULE'S	„	54
WEST END OF CATHEDRAL RUINS; AND ST. RULE'S, FROM ROUNDEL GARDEN	„	61
HARBOUR END OF ST. ANDREWS, FROM THE CASTLE (after a picture by W. Hackstoun)	„	68
CITY, FROM WEST SANDS	„	73
CASTLE, FROM WEST	„	77
PRIOR HEPBURN'S WALL AND THE UPPER HARBOUR	„	79
THE BOTTLE DUNGEON OF CASTLE	„	82
ENTRANCE TO ST. MARY'S, SEEN FROM CRAIL'S LANE	„	84
UNIVERSITY (ST. SALVATOR'S TOWER)	„	88
COLLEGE STREET, LEADING FROM ST. SALVATOR'S COLLEGE TO ST. MARY'S COLLEGE	„	91

HAUNTED TOWER, IN PRIOR HEPBURN'S WALL; AND ST. RULE'S . . .	<i>facing page</i>	102
BLACKFRIARS' MONASTERY, FROM MADRAS COLLEGE	„	108
DEAN'S COURT, ROUNDEL, AND PENDS . . .	„	117
HARBOUR TOWER, IN PRIOR HEPBURN'S WALL	„	121
OLD-FASHIONED HOME, BEHIND 92 SOUTH STREET	„	127
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS ABOUT A.D. 1530	„	128
LOUDEN'S LANE, SOUTH STREET . . .	„	130
ANCIENT TOWERS, CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY	„	136
CRAIL'S LANE, MARKET STREET, AND ST. SALVATOR'S TOWER	„	141
SOUTH STREET (SUMMER) FROM TOP OF ROUNDEL	„	143
"QUEEN MARY'S," SOUTH SIDE . . .	„	146
"QUEEN MARY'S," VAULTED KITCHEN . .	„	148
SOUTH STREET: ON LEFT,—“QUEEN MARY'S,” NORTHERN FRONT . . .	„	169
THE WEST PORT	„	184
"NUN'S WALK," NEAR ST. LEONARDS SCHOOL	„	191
TOWERS OF ST. LEONARDS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, SEEN FROM ANCIENT CHAPEL OF ST. LEONARDS	„	194

OLD ST. ANDREWS

CHAPTER I

THE COLUMBANS

ON the shore of Fife—when the aurora borealis creates a solemnity from beauty—some of us deem no glimpse of Scotland's past so fitting for recall under that pure canopy as the picture of sea-loving, man-loving Columba, steering to missionary deeds of week-day holiness, while he times the oars of his monks with song. Here are lines from one of that Pilot's authenticated calls:

My life!
As God pleases let it be;
Nought can be taken from it,
Nought can be added to it,
The lot which God has given
Ere man dies must be lived out.
He who seeks more, were he a prince,
Shall not a mite obtain.
A guard!
Yea, guards may guide him on his way;
But can they guard
Against the touch of death? . . .

Forget thy poverty awhile;
Let us think of the world's hospitality:
The Son of Mary will prosper thee,

And every guest shall have his share.
Many a time
What is spent returns to the bounteous hand,
And that which is kept back,
None the less has passed away.
O living God!
Alas for him who evil works!
That which he thinks not of, comes to him,
That which he hopes, vanishes out of his hand.

Such was the summons of brother Columba to the world, in a forgotten, rude century. The world of our own day diffuses impulse over the waters with a different zest. Mr. Marconi, dispensing, from a private ship on mid-Atlantic, proof that the miracle of wireless telegraphy was perfected, established the new godsend by vibrational exchange, between London and New York, of the moment's quotations in the share markets.

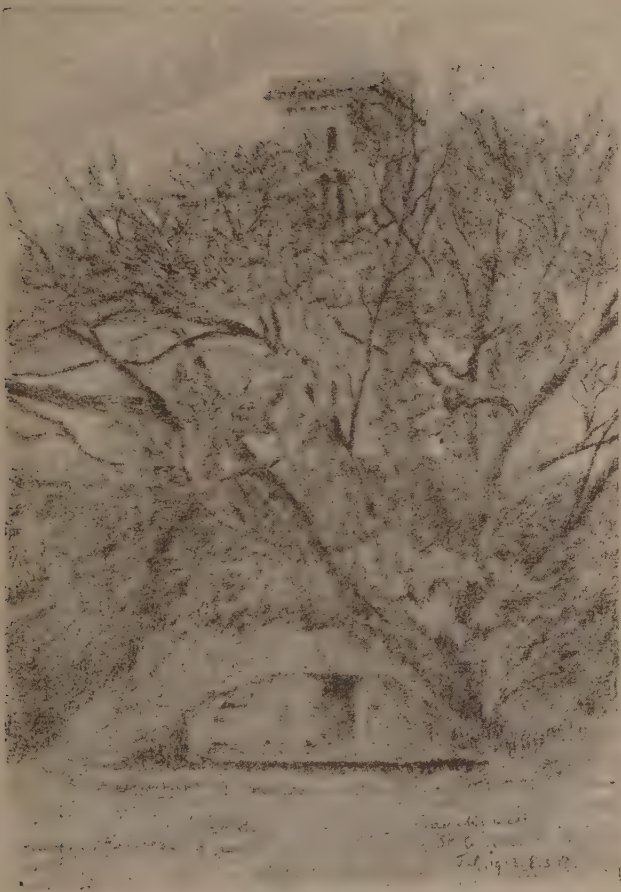
Columba (A.D. 521-597) had only been a short time Abbot of Iona—a Celtic abbot was then in many ways a director even of bishops—when he imposed a branch of his mission on a still older, but decayed, monastic system at Abernethy. There is distinct tradition that in the last year of his life the Saint expressed a wish that ecclesiastical direction of this mission to Pictland should be transferred from Abernethy to the freer air of a new monastery at Kilrymont. The earliest known name of the spot was Muckros (Lair or Point of the Boar). Kilrymont (Irish, Cill-Righmonaigh, church of the Royal Mount) is the second name by which history

was to know the clearing that papal authority would ultimately designate as St. Andrews. We have still the name with us in East and West Balrymonth. Whether or no the Saint directly founded, or merely projected the settlement of Kilrymont, there the Christian religion, as promulgated from Iona, took abiding hold on the mainland.

Any Columban settlement on our coast evolved itself from an abbot or provost and twelve monastic followers. Strange to say, each of these colonising groups arrived with simple formulæ of religion that had found their course, like a warm Gulf Stream, from the further end of the Mediterranean. It can scarcely be denied now that much of the early Celtic Christianity was compounded from forms of Egyptian asceticism that had absorbed, or rather had been absorbed into, the primitive lore and authority of "Gospel Christianity." At Glastonbury and Bangor, the adapted Egyptian scheme of monastic life prevailed—St. Basil's scheme. These same regulations coloured the systems of Comgall in Ireland and Columba in Iona. The Abbé MacGeoghegan, a close student of this question, has concluded that "the monks of Ireland had chosen special rules of conduct which they had imported from the Levant, rules employed by Pachomus or Basil, or by the famous solitaries of Mount Carmel and of the Thebaid." According to this oriental plan for the religious life, beginners underwent teaching and test for several years as Cœnobites

(religious communists), ere being admitted to the degree of Anchorite. In the latter degree, a monk lived apart from his former community, sometimes on an island, in a desert, or in a cave or built cell; and he meditated God in lonely absorption such as the anchorites of to-day's India employ. The third order was Sarabaites or Remoboths, a numerous company of half-worldly brothers who lived as monks yet bound themselves to no thorough set of religious rules. Columba, however, cut away this third order, which reappeared later in certain of the Culdee groups.

The fact that nearly all the early Columban settlements in our Scotland clasped themselves on to rocks of the coast, shows that the daring missionaries laid out their task chiefly by sea, and their influence gradually penetrated inwards from river-mouths tentatively selected with a view to easy withdrawal where the natives proved obdurately aggressive. Possibly the caves that indent the region of Kilrymont formed part of the attraction that drew to that headland an expedition from Iona. These missionaries settled there to preach, like St. James's Epistle, Christian common sense, and, like "First Peter," how to be a nature's gentleman. Should certain of Columba's monks select the life contemplative, they might, under rule, seclude themselves in caves. The rest of the monks would spend their time diligently in cloistral prayer, church lauds, the copying of manuscripts in ex-



MONKS' WELL,, South of St. Rule's.

quisite form, the provision of all things needed for the support of the colòny, the instruction of neophyte missionaries, and particularly, winning by example the barbarians around them to the hallowing of other things than war. Fishing fleets often sang to God, while the wives and children lovingly remembered the fishers and crooned prayers like this:

In the steep path of our common calling,
Be it easy or uneasy to our flesh,
Be it bright or dark for us to follow,
Thine own perfect guidance be upon us,
Be Thou a shield to us from the wiles of the deceiver,
From the arch-destroyer with his arrows pursuing us,
And in each secret thought our minds set afloat
Be Thou Thyself on our helm, and at our sheet.

Awaking to the dawn of a new day's tasks, a housewife would murmur:

O God who broughtest me from the rest of last night
Unto the joyous light of this Thy day,
Be Thou bringing me from the new light of this Thy day
Unto the guiding light of eternity.

When evening came, the good wife smooing the fire in the clay floor would murmur the following chant, others in the room softly repeating the invocation:

Ah, sacred Three
Come save
Come shield
To surround
The hearth
The house
The household

This eve
 This night
 And every night
 Each single night!

Amen.

Wafted across a corner of the bay, in the morning again, would flit a godly cheer to mingle with the lowing of out-travelling cattle. The herd might not be back for weeks:

The sanctuary of Columba around your feet,
 Whole be your return home.

Be the bright Michael king of the angels
 Protecting and keeping and saving you.
 The guarding of God and the Lord be yours
 Till I or mine shall see you again.

The help of Coivi (the Trinity?) to you;

Travelling Coivi, travelling copse,
 Travelling meads long and grassy,
 The herding of the fair Mary
 Be about your head, your body, and aiding you.

Seed-time, harvest, burial, childbirth—all elements of human existence were engentled by the songs caught from the sea; strong songs that stirred simple hearts. The Bread of Christ had been cast upon these waters. It had brought to St. Andrews' shores something more intimately essential in the evolution of Scottish might, Scottish sense of right, and Scottish poetry, than all the "surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

These simple hymns for daily life mostly reach us from the later centuries of the Columban influence

through Celtic tradition. They are instanced to mark the character of household training that Columba's wandering boats inspired. They characteristically and closely correspond in spirit with the few authenticated poems that are left to us from Columba himself; and thus they illustrate what Renan describes as "the profound feeling and adorable delicacy" of the Celtic religious instincts that preceded the church of the Romans, and the Reformation. The versions here quoted come mainly from Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*.

For several centuries, buildings at Iona and at Iona's dependencies scattered along the coast of the mainland were framed chiefly of wattle—branches of trees daubed with clay; occasionally they reached the greater security of being built from planks. The church was simply a large cell, on one side of which there was a subsidiary room called the Oratorium. Most early churches would in fibre much resemble the wattled church of Glastonbury. A church framed of stones unshaped and unmortared—the beehive type extant on a few of our islands—would be regarded at first as an inauspicious novelty. The Celts and Picts preferred buildings of twig or timber. As a settlement was usually pitched near a stream (and near a pure spring), there would be a mill—often of coarse stone—and a kiln, quite necessarily of stone. A rampart of rough rock and mud enclosed a barn; the monastery proper, always furnished

with fire and water; a wattled guest-chamber for travellers, and fugitives seeking sanctuary; a series of monks' cells or else one general dormitory adjacent to an exercise ground. This containing wall was rather for discipline than for defence from outside foes. The cell of the abbot or provost was always at the highest point of the settlement. We have a document that specifically informs us how the Abbot of Kilrymont occupied a home on the very top of the cliff. This house probably stood where still remain ancient stone foundations, released from incumbent mounds of earth, about 1860, within the shadow of our Coastguard Station. The small inhabited house to the south of the ruins is still called the Kill, and may indicate part of the site of either the provost's cell or the monastery's kiln. The refectory was an important part of the monastery's life. Its central table was, in many cases, a great stone, upon which the Blessed Bread was divided. The Blessed Bread holy folk then described as the Eulogia. It was specially fine loaf, blessed by a presbyter, and from it would be selected portions necessary for the altar. Portions of the Eulogia not chosen for Communion were sparingly distributed to the brethren before each afternoon meal. A penitent debarred from the Mass might be, on occasion, permitted a morsel of the Eulogia. An unconfessed gross sinner, if he partook of the Eulogia, would be punished with twelve stripes. At the stream's ending, a port of

some sort shaped itself. Just outside the port of Kilrymont there seems to have been at one time a cell or chapel which guarded a fountain. This chapel, it is said, came to be called after "St. Mary of the Rock," a name that was given later to a more substantial church near the provost's home: but both structures may have been raised later by Culdees rather than by Columbans. Throughout England every district had a Church of Mary and a Well of Mary. It is scarcely probable, however, that our rock cell, or its successor, received its popular name because of any spring, even were there such a refreshment there. Both the original chapel and its follower were founded on rocks: hence the designation, Sancta Maria de Rupe. True, in to-day's New Cemetery, there still flows a secure Monks' Well, that supplied the mediæval priory with water. A few weeks after the author sketched this fountain, the trees around it were felled. The maritime cell has entirely disappeared, and coast erosion has hidden up the spring in salt water. There was, of course, a cemetery attached to the settlement. The whole of Kilrymont now lying at the mercy of storms is just one smothered place of interment. Two days before writing these lines, the author picked up there out of the grassy path a portion of a skull protruding from the ground, and some scattered teeth almost exposed to the sun. Yet the bones and teeth lying there do not necessarily represent

the religious. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Kirkheugh (still another name for the same spot) was often dug up to receive the bodies of St. Andrews' townsfolk dead of the plague.

Gentle to women and venerated by women, the Founder enjoined celibacy on his monks; the ideal for themselves, "*Virgo corpore, et virgo mente.*" It was monks who milked the cows.

Conversation among the monks was rare, cautious, and reasoned. Between the abbot and his brethren, words were exchanged more freely.

A visitor would bend the knees to an abbot. Even to an ordinary senior, the brethren made known their wishes with genuflexion. The rule about prostration was observed with the utmost exactitude, for it was held that such greeting was a recognition of Christ's supreme authority.

If a stranger arrived unexpectedly, he was usually welcomed at once by the abbot, and kissed; occasionally the abbot only granted an interview after the lapse of days. A guest expected by sea would be received on the shore by the abbot and brethren and conducted to the oratory, and thanks were returned for his safety. Alms-giving was shown forth abundantly by the abbot. The monastery was resorted to for medical aid, but professional beggars and persistent malefactors were excluded. As regards church services, the Lord's Day and the birthdays of saints were marked by rest from labour, and celebration of the Eucharist.

The festival commenced on the previous day, and its stated services were the *Vespertinalis Missa*, *Matutini*, *Prime*, *Tierce*, *Sext*, and probably *None*. Sometimes the Communion Service was choral. Sometimes the Founder, in daytime, secluded himself in a thicket to pray, and on winter nights he sought lonely outlying places for private devotion. The greatest festival with indulgence lay between Easter Day and Whit-Sunday. Preparations for the Christmas festival extended over forty days. The tonsure of priests was from ear to ear, leaving the front of the head bare. The sign of the Cross was used to exorcise demons, and river monsters, and wild beasts, and to unlock doors. A cruciform arrangement of masts and yards might be arranged to assist a ship on a difficult voyage. Many kinds of wood and stone and blossom were considered to be charms, after being blessed. The day of a brother's dissolution was regarded as his *Natalis*. His remains were laid out in his cell wrapped in linen clothes, and the funeral commendations to God lasted for three days and nights.

The chief section of daily study, both for the abbot and the rest of the brethren, was the reading of Scripture and the memorising of all the Psalms. Latin was taught as a liberal language, but predominantly with a view to profit from ecclesiastical writings, especially the *Lives of the Saints*. These were read aloud during or after supper.

The monks slept on stones, in a little straw. In

their prescribed hours of study, winter weather many a time caused them to congregate around the kitchen fire. The books of the library were hung upon nails in the wall.

Iona's form of Christianity was Scotland's Church for a century and a half, and Northumbria's for thirty years. It was framed in monasticism, yet was essentially bound up with episcopacy, although its bishops represented the comparatively simple Rome of Augustine, and that but faintly; for ecclesiastical Rome, like the Empire, had never really laid hold of Celts or Picts. Columban bishops ordained, but they did not administer dioceses.

When Columba sailed first from Ireland, he found our present Scotland divided into four kingdoms: Picts in the north, more or less Celtic; Welsh-speaking British in Strathclyde; English stock in Bernicia, between Forth and Tweed; an Irish stock in Dalriada (Argyllshire). The Columbans settled in all four tracts. At length they either conformed to Rome or—as punishment for non-conformity—suffered formal disruption. Only two years after his arrival in Iona, Columba “crossed the mountainous barrier of Dunalban” (the south-west Grampians) and visited, near Inverness, a monarch who became his staunch friend, Brude, King of the Picts. It seems to be the case that Brude personally yielded to Christianity in the eighth year of his reign.

An incident in the biography of Columba written

by Adamnan may here illustrate the old ways of encrusting a fact of profane or ecclesiastical history with a preserving popular story of wonder. We are told that Columba walked up to the outer gate of Brude's Inverness castle, with Comgall and Cainnech. The gate was found to be closed against them. Comgall raised a finger to make the sign of the Cross, and the gate fell. The monks marched in till they came to the door of the central palace. It was locked. At the sign of the Cross from Columba, it flew open. The monks marched on. They found King Brude on the throne, with the sword of battle in his right hand. Cainnech touched that hand with the sign of the Cross, and warned the king that the hand would wither, and remain withered till he accepted Christian baptism. Eventually Brude did accept this forced rite. It was Columba who baptised him.

Now here is the inside of that crust of miracle. One of Columba's main objects in coming to Scotland was to Christianise the Picts, and so prevent them from crushing the Christian Scots of that sect of Irish Dalriadans which had emigrated from Erin to Argyllshire. Two years after settling at Iona, Columba, not yet fluent in the tongue of the eastern mainland, sent to Ireland for two Irish Picts (as we know they were), Comgall and Cainnech. These assistants had been selected as accomplished in the Picts' tongue. The three comrades laid careful plans, then wended their way to Inverness.

Comgall put before surly Brude—surrounded by his Druid readers of fate—such arguments as arrested the court. Next, Comgall signalled to Columba to give forth a few authoritative sentences, which Comgall translated. The king's prejudices against Dalriada and Christianity were still further shaken. Then (perhaps on a subsequent day) Cainnech took up the message again in a torrent of the king's own language, and led to such reflections on the part of the monarch that he abjured Druidism, and adopted steps which caused Columba to feel that peace between Dalriada and Pictdom would not be long deferred. For nine years thereafter Columba concentrated his efforts on the purification of the Picts, and in this undertaking the Irishman had a semi-political stimulus—desire to save the Christians of his race in Scottish Dalriada from extermination by the cruel inroads of the Druidical Picts. During an important council held in Ireland at Drumceatt, Columba so dominated matters that a friend of his, Aidan, whom he had already crowned privately at Iona, was received by Ireland (and afterwards by Brude) as independent king of that portion of Dalriada which lay within the western islands' limits. Then it was that Columba felt himself at the height of his power. But Brude of the Picts died. Columba died. Adamnan's chapter about the Passing of Columba is one of the masterpieces of our country's literature. The history of Columba, known as *Amhra Coluimcille*,



ST. ANDREWS, from Balmungo.

recounts that at this period its hero "used to teach the tribes that lived by the Tay, a river in Alban. He subdued to benediction the mouths of the fierce ones who dwelt with Tay's High King." And the tale goes that Columba's assistant, Cainnech, with Riaghail (Regulus), set up a church at Kilrymont. The earliest mention of this monastery is to be found in the *Chronicon of Iona*.

The literary tradition of wonder was then the heritage of all people. Kings and leaders believed in miracle. The Druids did; and they produced miracles as the Egyptian priests did in the time of Moses. Years later than Adamnan we find that a sober man like the Venerable Bede maintained faith in miracles and charms. Heaven was felt to be near; judgment was imminent. The more a biographer loved his subject, the more he held it natural to colour his work with miracle. But the biographer—it is clear to students—regarded miracle very often as parable; and parable stood, to him and those he addressed, for history. Any just reader of Adamnan's pages should remember this, and the keener his insight, the more of true history, as moderns value it, will be found in this work. The student must also remember that Adamnan had no intention of chronicling ecclesiastical events, except in so far as they shed a light of love upon his Founder. Long before Columba died, talk around the peat fire at nights in hundreds of shielings created that reverence for the strong lover of man

and beast who went about creating nothing but good—the subject who was to be the human miracle-worker worshipped in Adamnan's own heart. It is easy perhaps for a modern neuropath to describe for us some supernatural character, once a denizen of earth, but now communicating with us from a spirit land. So far, not even the most skilled of these modern writers has been able to set behind his vision a manifestation of splendid character working with colossal precision. It is just this kind of gracious leader of the highest class who emerges as the solid prose that Adamnan, in his love, sought to illustrate after his own fashion, which was, after all, the fashion of his time.

The truth about Columba includes the following points. The Iona mission owed part of its huge success to its aristocratic quality. Nearly all the earlier abbots were descended from the Founder's kindred, and shared with him prestige. Columba, himself of Celtic blood royal, moved with much greater effect among the four or five monarchs known to him in our Scotland, because these potentates felt that he might have been a king himself if he had so chosen. But his spiritual qualities evoked a new kind of dominance even over his relatives. There is reason for supposing, for instance, that one of Columba's twelve disciples who voyaged with him to Iona was his uncle Earnan. Earnan spent some forty years under the command of his nephew. When he was old, Columba relentlessly despatched

his relative to act as abbot in another island, and while he was there proved his scorn for favouritism. He confessed to those around that he could not expect to speak with this frail old man again. Earnan, when death plainly overshadowed him, could not bear to pass away without once more greeting his revered relative. His galley sped back with him to Iona. Claspings hands, but speechless, he prostrated himself before the Abbot, and died in that very act.

Columba believed in his own powers of second sight and, perhaps, even in a faculty for miracles. Thus predisposed, he included the supernatural in his method of suggestion to the superstitious mass of folk. Side by side with this claim to wonder-working, Columba's life was that of a being drawing thoughtful breath, *nudus in Christo*. This man of rigorous self-denial was equally rigorous in the chief political aim of his life;—he came east from Ireland to weld the Erse and Alban—roughly, Argyll and Fife—into a common Christianity. In achieving this result, he laid one of the strongest foundation-stones of modern Scotland.

Behind the roughnesses and behind the miracle-mist of his times, we find Columba a man of steady vision fit to reign wisely in a monastery, and usually as fit to instruct a court in the hearing of its king. Words soberly recorded in Iona by Adamnan, less than a century after the Founder's death, show the righteous confidence that the island's prophet ever

maintained, blessing his monastery. A few hours before his end the mighty Abbot said: "Small and mean though this place is, yet it shall be held in great and unusual honour, not only by Scotie kings and people, but also by the rulers of foreign and barbarous nations, and by their subjects; the saints also even of other churches shall regard it with no common reverence." This was the man that waves of Christianity borne from the south in succeeding phases tended to rob of his due place in Scotland's history and in Ireland's. Up to the eighteenth century, no festival in Columba's name was favoured by the Roman Catholic Church.

It is a matter of grief to lovers of St. Andrews that so little material evidence of Columba's period remains here above ground. Even its probable *diserti*—its caves—bear no specific signals to us. This city must rely chiefly on an echo from a jealous basilica of the Augustinians (about a follower called Regulus), and on slender ruins bequeathed from a late community of the Culdees, for local suggestion of the spiritual wealth that Columba was elsewhere recorded to have brought to the shores of Fife. For historians, the reasoning stands thus. Earlier than the Culdees, there undoubtedly existed a strong Columban settlement. Columba certainly travelled in Fife. It is likely to be true, as at least one early Life asserts, that Columba, during these travels, personally had to do with inaugurating the monastery of Kilrymont.





INNER HARBOUR ; ABOVE SITE OF CULDEE SETTLEMENT.

CHAPTER II

THE CULDEES

WHEN Columba passed away, there came to Iona from Ireland a priest called Ecbert, who had conformed to Rome. Ecbert's preaching persuaded the majority of Iona's monks to accept the continental system, including the Roman style of tonsure, and that same method of calculating Easter upon which Augustine's followers laid so much stress at Canterbury and at the Council of Whitby. The Pictish sovereigns soon began to study Christianity as Constantine did at Constantinople, from the standpoint of imperial politics. The Columban call, it is true, had the divine merit of being intensely human. Leaving room for geographical variations of racial temperament, it framed its message from Jesus for family and tribal instincts. It had in it much that resembled the conduct of the Essenes, and with Essenic doctrine Jesus, as is proved by many of His sayings, was sympathetic. But kingdom-builders turned from such an evangel of qualified brotherliness to a rendering of Christ's message that would regulate even the over-pressure of tribal customs, of family ties. The monarchs were offered a wider, deeper system; one Archbishop of all bishops and abbots

in the world, one tonsure, one Easter Law, one Confession, one supreme Church, and the mystic Mass of thorough Transubstantiation. This church would be a disciplinary means far more powerful for swaying crowds in turbulent new kingdoms than the songful, dreamy, rather wayward comradeship of the Columbans. No doubt, as happens in the history of every order, the primal impetus or flush of Iona's serene suzerainty had become less energetic, less pure. For instance, private property was allowed to remain at the disposal of the monks who owned it before taking vows, or who inherited it. They could will it away. The appointment of an abbot for this or that community was at length too much influenced by the wishes of lay folk descended from the original donor of the ground assigned to the monastery. But most of all, the cleavage made itself felt between the simplicity of Columban tenets and the searching requirements of an authority traceable to one perspective point—Rome. Kings, even in Caledonia, were now able to distinguish the three world-forces that Rome stood for, Sacerdotium, Studium, Imperium: Priestcraft, Learning, Dominion. Rift after rift made its appearance in Iona, and in Iona's dependencies. Papal logic won fast. Most of the Columban brotherhoods, so far as majorities could voice monastery policy, had conformed to Rome by the eighth century. In the eighth century King Nectan banished all non-juring Columbans from the realm of the

Picts. It is held by modern investigators that the monasteries of Kilrymont and Abernethy stood out, recalcitrant towards the new Christian regime; and therefore these brotherhoods were broken up by regal interference. The king issued an order that for all monks the Roman tonsure must be adopted.

In that eighth century King Nectan dedicated many churches in Pictland to the "Roman" St. Peter, introducing with them something like a beginning of secular clergy, on Italian lines. It seems plain that King Nectan was working with Roman aid to lower the prestige of the Columbans.

But at this very period—and in part because of distaste for the pretensions of secular priests—a wave of asceticism revived, in our northern land, a love for the contemplative profession.

St. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, and describing circumstances already commented upon in our first chapter, tells us that "there were in Egypt three kinds of monks. First, the Cœnobites, whom they call in the Gentile tongue Sanses, but whom we may term those living in common; secondly, the Anchorites, who live alone in desert places, and are so called as living apart from men; and, thirdly, that kind which are called Remoboth, the worst and most neglected." The Remoboths, least disciplined and most inclined to worldliness, were of course the chief source of decay. It was Athanasius, of the fourth century, who, in his *Life of St. Anthony*, popularised the eastern monasticism.

At that period "Religio" signified the monastic rule. Later, Ninian's teacher, St. Martin of Tours, spread this monasticism westward. The fresh wave of renunciation, about Nectan's time, had in it elements sympathetic to Columba's faith; but it was drawing out prayers and longings even from men of the western continent, or of Britain, south of the Forth, who had no vital bond with Celtic observances. Where so little is positively known, the guess may be hazarded that all through Christendom a certain percentage of earnest men looked with apprehension on the political tendencies of Rome, and turned from these to self-communing. Such people, by a kind of spiritual second-sight, drew to knowledge of each other. The Quietists arrived at a description of themselves as Deicolæ, worshippers or servers of God. The name was just as often transposed: Colidei. This, in Gaelic, became Keledei, Culdees. There were Culdees at Abernethy and a score of centres within our island, before members of this irregular order rose to some power at St. Andrews. The Culdees of Kilrymont held on to the older, simpler forms of faith. They claimed primitive rights—the right for each priest to marry once, much after the practice of the Greek Church; and the right of all members of any brotherhood to vote in the election of the abbot, prior, or bishop who was to govern them. It is likely that they, in their beginnings, won the hearts of the people as living a consistent life of self-denial that reminded

plain folk of Iona's common sense of the spirit. But Culdees were not, in any true branch of their fraternity, followers of Columba's rule. Columba, the lutanist, singer, lyric-writer, artist in colour, seaman and pilot, just ruler of religious houses, reconciler of Picts and Scots, lover of mankind and almost equally of that poetry of earth and sea that never dies, faithful apostle from Jesus, teaching hope rather than damnation—Columba had disclosed over Scotland an auroral beauty which was probably the most entrancing vision that ever rewarded the self-abnegation of missionary ardour. The music grew fainter, the poetry became cold, around the Culdees. They have left us only the reputation of respectability in place of ear-bound dream. Culdees are not mentioned by Bede, who revered Columbans. The Culdees of Kilrymont are mentioned by no writer till after the expulsion of Columbans from Pictland. The Irish Annals of 1164 allude to an inferior section of the brethren at Iona as Celidei. This is the only authentic reference we possess to stray Culdees in Iona. It is to errors made by Hector Boece (followed by George Buchanan) that we owe the idea that all Culdees were simply late Columbans. Culdees held a middle place between any such rule and the growing authority of Rome. Their usually decent lives and their simplicity of gospel doctrine put it beyond the choice of any regular canons or priests to oppose them directly. The policy of Rome here was quite

naturally to calculate that such undeveloped beings would be crowded out from authority over the people by efflux of time. Rome's dialectics would prevail inexorably though patiently. Mr. Alan Orr Anderson, in his erudite account (1922) of *Early Sources of Scottish History*, Vol. II., page 578, reporting chronicles of 1254, says: "The Augustinian Canons of St. Andrews in 1254 claimed that they had the right to elect the bishop; the célidé claimed that they had had that right before canons were introduced into the church of St. Andrew; and that when the célidé left the church of St. Andrew and entered the church of St. Mary, they retained in entirety their prebends, liberties and rights."

To-day's group of Culdee ruins at Kirkheugh represents the closing phase of this community's mason-work, say, in the thirteenth century. The late date of these scanty remains at St. Andrews (full of mason's marks indicating the advanced period) gives colour to the supposition that one of the ways by which the orthodox Augustinians attempted to oust the Culdees from St. Rule's Church, and the Priory, and the Cathedral, was to help them to found an *ecclesia* on the Kirkheugh for their indigenous form of worship, although in a "pointed" building statelier than their early conventicle. This latest Kirkheugh church boasted a massive central tower and a transept.

Chalmers places the Culdee fabric in the thirteenth century. In the *Proceedings of the Society*

of *Antiquaries* for 1860-1, Vol. IV., page 74, will be found a plan and description of this Culdee church. The paper gives careful measurements and technical judgments by Mr. Robert Anderson. Mr. Anderson finds in the transept traces of a stone seat that went round the church. The discrepancy in orientation between church and nave is ascribed simply to careless workmanship. The chancel was built better and later than the rough nave, formerly possessed of a more simple chancel, which was pulled down, along with parts of the original transept. Items of a stained-glass east window were recovered on the altar platform. Anderson sums up: "As far as I could distinguish the ornament of the chapel, it appeared to belong to the thirteenth century." In 1561 the Presbytery of St. Andrews declared that "the lady College kirk upon the Hauch was ane prophane house, and sa to be behaldyn in tyme cuming."

The building had lost, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the dignity of Chapel Royal, which passed in James the Third's time to Restalrig, and to Stirling in the reign of James IV. The original chapel of St. Mary de Rupe, on the seashore, had by this time been washed away. But the Culdees maintained that a cave towards the east of the present castle ruins (and much later called Lady Buchan's Cave) had been occupied as a bed-cell and oratory, with altar, by St. Rule, whom we proceed to study.

CHAPTER III

ST. RULE'S AND THE FRIARS

WILKIE, author of the *Epigoniad*, was a professor at St. Andrews. A second-rate poet but a first-rate talker, he once gave forth a lesson on architecture that was handed on to Sir Walter Scott, who used it for the description of St. Mungo's Cathedral. The Right Honourable William Adam writes in *Lockhart*:

I mentioned to Sir Walter an anecdote about Wilkie, the author of the *Epigoniad*, who was but a formal poet, but whose conversation was most amusing, and full of fancy. Having heard much of him in my family, where he had been very intimate, I went, when quite a lad, to St. Andrews, where he was a professor, for the purpose of visiting him. I had scarcely let him know who I was, when he said, "Mr. William, were you ever in this place before?" I said no. "Then, sir, you must go and look at St. Regulus' Tower,—no doubt you will have something of an eye of an architect about you;—walk up to it at an angle, advance and recede until you get to see it at its proper distance, and come back and tell me whether you ever saw anything so beautiful in building: till I saw that tower and studied it, I thought the beauty of architecture had consisted in curly-wurlies, but now I find it consists in symmetry and proportion." In the following winter *Rob Roy* was published, and there I read that the Cathedral of Glasgow was a "respectable Gothic structure, without any curly-wurlies."

Few buildings in Scotland have proved so perverse a problem as the Church of St. Regulus, or St. Rule, at St. Andrews. Sectarian misapprehension, falsehood, prejudice, disappearance of records, fondness for legends, however one of them may chance to contradict or even destroy the next—such influences have surrounded the Tower of St. Regulus or St. Rule with a welter of conjecture. In the following pages is provided an account of the Tower that attempts to sum up probabilities about this graceful campanile which smiles, erect, intact, while around it have crumbled Cathedral, Culdee Church, Castle, Priory, and half a dozen monasteries. If our effort leads to still further discussion among lovers of Kilrymont, benefit will doubtless accrue to the general story of the much-churched city.

Columba, decent records affirm, brought to Fife from a synod held at Drumceatt in Ireland at least two monkish friends, Cainnech and Riaghail. The former of these names is commemorated in some of the small country churches spread through Scotland under the dedication of "St. Kenneth." But the Erse calendar mentions him only as founder of two religious foundations—Aghabo in Ireland and the monastery of Kilrymont in Fife. Columba bade Cainnech form this Fife community on the pattern of Iona; perhaps he even consecrated the settlement himself, leaving Cainnech later to carry on as abbot. After a fairly prolonged period of

effort, Cainnech returned to Ireland, placing the Kilrymont family under the charge of Regulus (Riaghail, later shortened to Rule). So strong a claim did Regulus establish to the veneration and love of monks and laymen, that soon after he died the whole place was called Kilrule, a name sufficiently indicating that there was some wattled cell or chapel erected to his memory.

King Nectan (whether from motives of kingcraft or simply as a matter of conscience) in the eighth century resolved to cut his country of the Picts free from the lonely handling of Iona. He corresponded with the Archbishop of York, and the result was that the monastery threw over the distinctive tenets of Iona, by majority conformed to Roman Catholicism, and sent to Northumbria to borrow from the Abbot of Wearmouth a body of trained men fit to build churches "in the Roman manner"—that is, not of wood or rubble, but of shaped quarry-stone. With this reinforcement, Nectan created several churches in the Tay valley to the honour of St. Peter; and it is hard to believe that he did not rear a Petrine edifice of some sort at Kilrymont. There possibly was once a "St. Peter's Church" a few yards west of Gregory's Lane. But, for Scotland-in-the-making, the advice from the Archbishop of York that Nectan should signify his submission to Rome by thus honouring St. Peter with churches was apparently unacceptable. It nearly caused a kind of Reformation. Bede

prematurely wrote in delight about the northern nation, that it now "rejoiced as being placed under the new discipleship of St. Peter, and safe under his protection." For the rank and file of folk in Fife, the local popularity of Regulus was not to be eclipsed by Peter.

The Columbans had been banished to the western side of the Grampians (A.D. 717).

A few years later, King Angus of the Northern Picts overawed Nectan, and Alpin, who had possessed Nectan's throne: Nectan had been living in monastic seclusion for some time. Angus established himself on the Pictish throne and reigned as a strong man for thirty years. The Picts and Angles next united against the Britons and Scots. The Picts now, under one king, mingled actively with the Irish Scots from Argyll; and all subjects of Angus's immediate successors were exhorted to adopt the designation of "Scots," a change not destined to be widely adopted till the tenth century.

Angus had noted the dislike of the northerners for churches dedicated to St. Peter, and for priests devoted to exclusively Roman propaganda. Angus, by some curious flash of history's lightning, we descry as possessor of bones believed to be authentic relics of St. Andrew. He resolved to support St. Andrew as against the European traditions of authority so firmly connected with the See of Rome. Acca had been dismissed from his bishopric of Hexham by the Pope, and wandered up and down

the country, in the reign of Angus, finally disappearing in a mist of myth. Many have supposed that Angus procured his relics of St. Andrew through this Acca. Angus adopted St. Andrew as Scotia's fittest saint, and sealed his determination by reconstructing from St. Rule's at Kilrymont in solider fashion some kind of "Church of St. Andrew" as the national church. Angus was not eager to be completely a pope's vassal, but was willing to part with most of the Columban traditions and, surrounded by the Culdees, to accept a Romish régime that would in a mild manner reform the Culdees, so that they should become Catholic priests fit to minister in Alban (now entering the collective baptism of "Scotland"). Angus, in token of his endowment of this Church of St. Andrews, prayerfully placed a new-turned sod on the local altar; and he with his nobles circumambulated seven times the estate the church now acquired, called the Cursus Apri.

Thus had dawned a time when Kilrule was called St. Andrews. Afterwards the desire became general that the church should be known by its older name; so that designation, Kilrule, came back—for the common folk.

So things jolted on in a rough quiet, till Queen Margaret—representative of Alfred and great-niece of the Confessor—swept up from England to be the bride of our king Malcolm Canmore, whom she won towards her orthodoxy as she subdued Scotland

itself towards the cosmopolitan form of religion. It was Fothad, Bishop of St. Andrews, who, about the year 1068, married the royal pair, probably at Dunfermline. Malcolm's father had been the gracious Duncan murdered by Macbeth. The queen bore six sons, but refused a Celtic or Pictish name for any one of them. Margaret would address clerical meetings at which the men could only speak Gaelic. She herself only talked English, her royal husband interpreting; and he was ignorant of writing. Ever the queen strove to invade the self-sufficient traditions of a Scottish Church chiefly derived from Columba. Sunday observance was in abeyance; wealth was run after by clergy, Communion neglected. Margaret's greatest contribution to the progress of Catholicism in the north took the form of Dunfermline's noble Abbey (1072), the first Romanesque church in Scotland. Margaret died in 1093, but her work of reformation was carried on by her three throned sons—mild Edgar, bloody-minded, though pious Alexander, monkish David. Margaret's chaplain had been chosen by her from Durham; the English archbishop Lanfranc acted as her secret adviser. Her foundation church of Dunfermline was ultimately manned by Benedictines from Canterbury. The Southron life thus flowing north was Norman, feudal, papal. As Walter of Coventry has written in an unpublished document (note to the *Chronicle of Lanercost*), the Scottish royalties (of the early twelfth century) preferred to regard

themselves as French, in manners and culture and language, and of "Frenchmen made their familiars." Of fifteen primates of St. Andrews during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—although they wrote themselves down in charter and on seal as "Bishops of Scotland"—not one was a Celtic Scot; a few were pure Saxons; the majority were Norman.

Margaret took the greatest pains in attracting pilgrims from England and the Continent to worship at St. Andrew's shrine. A special Forth ferry was always at the service of these travellers. It was for their behoof that St. Leonards became a hostelry in St. Andrews. Martine mentions that a metrical votive tablet of Margaret's time was hung up in a St. Andrews chapel, and ran thus:

This bay and shore of the sea, though rough and boisterous, contains a most fertile country; this region, once poor, foul and desolate, is now rich, beautiful and flourishing. Hither come to pray a crowd of men from the most distant regions—the loquacious Frenchman, the warlike Roman, the Flemish weaver, the uncivilised German, the Englishman, the Saxon, the Hollander, the naked Pict, the savage Angerian; and strangers from the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Tiber, come to seek the prayers of St. Andrew.

Such concourses to a nook of a bare, inaccessible coast-line of northern Scotland plainly spoke to a considerable deposit of relics. But no plan or hint for Cathedral, or for Church of St. Regulus, reaches us from that precise period; still, both may have come to us, through her sons, from the forceful

and devoutly Roman Margaret. It was fairly soon after her disappearing that the Norman portion of the cathedral reared itself proudly, to receive relics, instead of the old St. Andrews Church. What about St. Regulus's memory? Was he to be left with only a misty share in the fane that Angus seemingly reconstituted as "St. Andrews"? This "auld church of St. Regulus," we are told by Wyntoun, was in full charge of the Culdees. But in the twelfth century and the thirteenth, strong efforts, supported by two legends of miracle (at least one of these hailing from abroad), were made, to crush out all Culdees from power, and the very name of Columba from memory. History was to be forced on religious Scotland as a tale of relics and of Christianity's tradition brought direct to Pictland ("Alban") from the east. Once the new claim was put forth by the Augustinian friars, it was a matter of life and death to them to establish this new theory. There is no need for us to charge these brethren with forging the Legends. More likely, in an age when positive history had not been brought to the birth, the Legends were compounded out of faded guesses, and were constructed to attempt a feasible reason for the people's affection for Regulus, while yet ignoring the unorthodox ghost of Columba. What more proper than that an edifice on a small scale, but of beautiful and solid masonry, as different from Celtic forms as possible, should be erected, to perpetuate the Regulus of the new scheme as a

voyager who landed here from the east with the wind of Christ's gospel filling the sails of his ship? All the bones of St. Andrew had once lain in Achaia. St. Regulus should be made to arrive from Achaia. So two legends were promulgated, each largely contradicting the other, but both setting forth a theft God winked at—the stealing of certain bones of St. Andrew by the very priest—Regulus—who had been appointed to guard them in Achaia. Miracles accompanied him and his friends and the relics on their journey to Kilrymont, where the cult of St. Andrew resulted. Not one person of authority now accepts these wild and disjointed tales. They are too long to reproduce here, but may be found in Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, or Lyon's *History*. Neither of these writers believed them.

In post-Reformation days, architectural and historical research still revealed small power to contradict Catholicism's legendary chronology; a belief persisted that our present Tower of St. Rule was probably erected in the fifth century, and certainly not later than the ninth.

The present state of knowledge on this subject marks the eleventh or twelfth century as the most reasonable guess, by the historian or ecclesiastic, for the birth-era of St. Regulus's perfect tower and now-ruined nave and chancel. When we turn to the leading authorities on the development of Scotland's architecture, these judges, paying attention mostly to cold stone and lime, thus pronounce:

Joseph Anderson: "S. Regulus belongs to the most advanced type of chancelled churches, consisting of nave, chancel and apse . . . its typical form is twelfth century."

MacGibbon (*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*) declares: "There is no trace in Scotland of Romanesque ecclesiastical work before the Norman invasion." The same authority announces: "The Church of St. Regulus was probably erected by Bishop Robert in the twelfth century."

At the same time, or about the same time, as Bishop Robert was pushing on the construction of the Augustinian Priory of St. Andrews, and the new Church of St. Regulus had probably come into being, the Culdees were degraded, yet pacified, it would seem, by having built for them the church at Kilrymont, now called St. Mary's. The Augustinians ultimately reigned, as chief, in this fane also.

We are helped towards understanding St. Rule's Regular Canons in their exclusive policy towards Culdees by these remarks from Dr. Stuart, editor of *The Book of Deer*:

In 1273 the Culdees [of this place] were debarred from the election of bishops. When William Bell was elected to the See in 1332, they were excluded even more rigidly. . . . They continued their corporate existence, under another name, in the Church of St. Mary de Rupe, with an establishment of a provost and ten prebendaries.

Dr. Skene is of opinion that the relics of Saint Andrew came to some chapel of St. Rule in 736,

Angus's time. As for Angus's having projected or built the present Church of St. Rule's, let us fix it in our minds that Angus's reign coincided with one of the most bloody and prolonged manifestations of the Danish Piracy, when much of the coast became the home of marauders, and when it seemed necessary to prepare for taking the seat of the court inward to Dunkeld. Was this a period in which a king would think it proper to erect such a gigantic landmark for the Danes as our Tower would have been? Be it noted, the walls of St. Regulus bear no marks of ever having been assaulted. And of course all modern architects refuse to credit the eighth century with this structure. This statement does not prevent our being willing to suppose that Margaret and her sons found relics of St. Andrew in a Culdee-governed chapel which they deemed too mean for such bones, or for Regulus.

The Culdees, though for tribal reasons dear to the general body of Celts and Picts, were lapsing into worldly carelessness. Their old place of worship on the Kirkheugh was little regarded by the people or even by the nominal ministrants. The Roman advisers of our courts laid stress—it is to be supposed—on reviving St. Rule's Church under its ancient name, beginning to associate the legend of St. Rule with a presumption that Columba's followers had faded out of Scottish history as the Culdees were fading, and that through a sort of Melchizedek—a St. Rule arriving from the far East—

had the favour of God come upon Kilrymont from St. Andrew's relics and his benevolence. King Alexander I. (born 1078), as we read in Wyntoun's metrical chronicle, led

His comely steed from Araby
Saddled and bridled costily
To the altar of the Auld Kirk

of St. Rule's, and he endowed this church, in re-affirmation of royal grants, with the lands of the extensive "Boar's Chase": that is, Denino, Kemback and Cameron. Alexander was supported in this princely endowment by his brother, afterwards King David. David settled the matter when he visited St. Andrews to ascertain how the new Priory was progressing. The Priory was Bishop Robert's scheme; so, very likely, was an extended Church of St. Regulus. If that church was to hold its own in the scheme for the monastery that eventually took such robust shape, it behoved to show a good face. Were these royal benefactions (and the mention of an "auld kirk") connected with plans for a new Church of St. Regulus, to be dissociated gradually in policy from the Culdees, and to receive ultimately the shadow of the Cathedral which was coming as part of Robert's grandiose schemes? The two Legends to the glory of a miraculous Regulus and a complacent St. Andrew blessing stolen relics at St. Andrews, and therefore Scotland in its most sacred centre, would be published as a first-rate item of Roman propaganda.

May we take this supposed gospel—then credible, at any rate—as accepted both by Alexander and by David? In the *Book of Deer* (cxxxv., as edited by Dr. Stuart) we are told that the monstrous neglect of services and greed for land characteristic of the Culdees

. . . could not be corrected before the time of Alexander I. of happy memory, who, besides enriching the Church of St. Andrews with many and valuable gifts, restored to it the lands called the Boar's Chase, with the professed object and understanding that a religious society should be established in that church for the maintenance of divine worship.

The ordinance did not at first debar Culdees from community in this priory church, if they were willing to conform to Augustinian canons. We take it that the intention of Alexander was to institute in ample form a monastic establishment—church, priory, and eventually a cathedral. It may have been this complete family vision that Alexander consecrated when he rode up “old” St. Rule's nave (not the Cathedral's nave, as Grierson has it: there was then no Cathedral). This intention found architectural result in King David's time. Bishop Robert certainly erected the Priory in that reign, and—if we follow the judgment of Dr. Joseph Robertson and Dr. Reeves—the operations that went on composed a series: new Church of St. Rule's to substantiate and develop tradition in favour of Rome; Priory, begun immediately

after the Church; then a complete Cathedral for St. Andrews. Joseph Robertson writes:

The little Romanesque church and square tower at St. Andrews, which bear the name of St. Rule, have, so far as we know, no prototype in the south. The common herd of Scottish antiquarians assign them to the seventh or eighth century; but no one acquainted with the progress of architecture, who diligently peruses the *Historia B. Reguli et Foundationis Ecclesiæ S. Andreæ*, will have much difficulty in identifying the building with the small "basilica" reared by Bishop Robert, an English canon regular of the order of St. Augustine between the years 1127 and 1144.

It was a period in which masses of pilgrims haunted St. Andrews, yet the shrine of the Blessed Apostle was without a minister, nor was the Eucharist celebrated except on the rare occasions of the presence of the king or the bishop. This was, however, the era of reawakening. From York to Tay, English copies of French churches arose in answer to more ambitious clergy. The striking thing about the Tower of St. Rule is that it is *not* a copy of any other building in our country. By a few writers like Lord Lindsay it has been supposed to be developed from the old Round Towers. The Round Tower at Cashel in Ireland is of suitable date. Near it is a Romanesque tower of the second church of Cormac, founded in 1129. Those who accept Robertson's verdict may care to link with our Tower's birthday the fact that commerce was then beginning to flourish in the town; and the builder

of the Tower, Bishop Robert—no doubt helped with royal benevolence at many points—persuaded a Fleming called Mainard to come and organise St. Andrews as a “burgh.” Whether or no St. Rule’s was started by Bishop Robert, it was certainly his successor, Arnold, who in 1162—the king being present—founded the Cathedral.

It was about this period that churches of stone sprang up to Rule’s memory at Monifieth, Kennethmont, Meikle Folla and Ecclesgreg. A fair was established at each of these centres, and was annually opened by announcement from the church door on the Sunday nearest to the patron’s name-day. The fair was known for a century or two as Struel’s Fair. Other chapels sprang up in this period, like those at Dalmeny and Leuchars, and St. Kentigern’s at Borthwick and St. Andrew’s at Gullane, and St. Margaret’s in Edinburgh Castle, all round-apsed churches; St. Margaret’s declared by MacGibbon to be the first chapel in Scotland furnished with the novelty of the Romanesque apse.

The passage from the *Scotichronicon*, upon which Robertson founds the theory referred to on page 39, is this:

When Robertus had been consecrated Bishop of St. Andrews by the Archbishop of York and had got back to his proper See, he strove to accomplish the longing of his breast, that his *ecclesia* might be made a large thing, dedicated to divine worship.

The monk’s Latin goes on to state how many

difficulties Robert encountered, the costs preventing rapid building; but at length God's mercy and King David's favour and a scheme by which both men and women of the diocese were pressed in as contributors brought the pious work to a proper conclusion. It certainly seems as if here a reconstruction of a "Church of St. Rule's" furnished the Romanesque building we now admire. Its tower was climbed, in times of danger, by means of ladders that could be hauled up after the fugitives who sought this refuge. The present one hundred and fifty-three stone steps are modern, of the date 1789. The tower originally ended in a steeple cone; this is lacking in the topographical map of 1530, which, however, indicates that by that time the nave had disappeared. The Tower of St. Regulus was never quite equalled in height by the central or any other tower of the Cathedral. The choir has had three successive roofs, and all of them have left their ragging as a mark. Probably the highest pitched was the most ancient. The choir is provided with four windows only twelve feet from the ground; it measured thirty-one feet by twenty-five. An arched door in the east of the tower has been reduced in size from its original form. There was once a turret for the nave, and a door to the south of the choir.

A few local students have invented reasons for holding, not only that the architects and masons of this tower, but its very stones, came from

Northumbria. Such theories about the stones have been proved needless. In Strathkinness, Balmungo, and districts lying Edenwards within a mile or two of Kilrymont, there were sandstone quarries from which all the buildings of St. Andrews were fashioned. The usual way of quarrying and building these stones was to shape them for "bedding." Their grain was to lie horizontal. In preparing the Tower of St. Regulus, as in many structures, the architects found it easier and cheaper to aim at large stones, quarried and manipulated "on edge." That is, the grain was worked perpendicularly. By taking special care to fashion all these stones with a kind of mathematical exactness, to clasp hands with each other, as it were, and by selecting the best of the quarries, the designers of this simple, plain-faced square tower gave it a surprisingly enduring dignity. Stone pretty much of the same character, but less carefully handled, though "bedded," was used for the neighbouring Cathedral. Its ornamentation has been deeply fretted by wind and rain. It is affirmed that the stone used for the Regulus Chapel came from Nydie Hill quarry, which in the last century furnished the material from which Madras College was constructed.

We must also remember that the ruined Cathedral has lain loaded with detailed ornament that invited wet, and searching wind. St. Rule's simply dismisses the rain from its unencumbered surface.

A few of these remarks have been founded on



ST. RULE'S TOWER, *from North.*

technical criticism drawn from skilled workmen employed by Government on renovation of ancient buildings. It is highly interesting to note the sagacious reasoning of such experts. Here, for instance, the quantity of mica, or there the deleterious element of clay, counts for much in the character of stone. The older the mortar, the finer the sand employed in it.

On the whole, we are forced to consider it likely that by Queen Margaret, Alexander I. and his brother, King David, one project was cherished in common, and steadily developed. It included a fair kirk to commemorate the miracles in St. Rule's life; a St. Andrews Priory, and an ultimate Cathedral to honour St. Andrew's bones and proclaim St. Andrews a centre of sanctity. The Tower of St. Regulus rose, and still stands, in token that Columba was well-nigh wiped out of association with the people's form of worship; Culdeeism was being in a similar manner obliterated. Roman brotherhoods held ecclesiastical initiative, and regular bishops would administer regulated dioceses. The true northern portion of the diocese of St. Andrews would consist of the Scone kingdom. Normans and other foreigners swarmed into this diocese, and feudalism was the social order of the period.

In spiritual significance, the graceful Tower of St. Regulus holds its own to-day—among all the blackened and disfigured ruins that illustrate the

sermon of this city—as the mind of a purposeful, unforgettable Roman Catholic Queen, St. Margaret. She reads to us aloud, as she read aloud by nights to her unclerly husband. A son reverently, and in the most thorough workmanship, embodied a dream of Margaret's. John Major, pedantic but honest and profoundly interested in the evolution of his country, writes in the sixteenth century:

That the Scots never had more excellent kings than those born of Englishwomen is clear from the example of the children of the blessed Margaret, kings that never knew defeat, and were in every way the best.

In judging the impulses that formed the development of mankind, we should pay less attention than we do to their decay, and stress more the possibilities that lay dormant in them. Margaret's dream was generous.

Feudalism was a large, useful rod in its time, herding together lords and peasants of new nationalities in defence against enemy nations. The share of religion it had within it raised ignorant slaves towards intelligence and enfranchisement. The military and social sides of feudalism pressed down individualism in the peasant, were aristocratic, and upheld "the glories of our birth and state." The Church could not help maintaining the equality of man, not necessarily in property, but in sonship to God and accountability to Him. Above even the ideal *probus miles* of feudal chieftaincy, the Church

raised for adoration maidens like St. Agnes and St. Afra, even beggars like St. Alexius, by faith subduing kingdoms, putting to flight the armies of the alien. "Feudalism taught the boor to look on every peregrinus as a hostis," and it ever tended to universal war. But "from the bosom of the most frightful disorder the world has ever seen" (W. S. Lilly) "arose the largest and purest idea, perhaps, which ever drew men together—the idea of a spiritual society." The priests of Catholicism were in some danger of sinking into a poison-pool of feudalism by becoming a caste, holding, with power of alienation, churches and lands as if they were ordinary secular property. But for a time Benedictines and Augustinians arose triumphant for the better cause—the authority of law, equality for the consciences of men, brotherhood in one Church, the need of some central intellectual court of appeal, in place of unchartered and idealistic libertinism, posing (Bolshevism to-day so poses) as able to decry spirit and dispense with reverence. In St. Andrews and at Dunfermline Margaret saw to it that it was precisely those Benedictines and Augustinians who were summoned to save humble society.

The present writer confesses that he never now looks upon the Tower of St. Regulus without remembering the noble message it probably represents—St. Margaret's dream for Scotland, the dream that Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) was manfully

labouring to carry out for the whole Western World in the same section of that age.

Skene is one of our most sagacious writers. Thus he describes St. Margaret's work:

There is perhaps no more beautiful character recorded in history than that of Margaret. For purity of motives, for an earnest desire to benefit the people among whom her lot was cast, for a deep sense of religion and great personal piety, for the unselfish performance of whatever duty lay before her, and for entire self-abnegation, she is unsurpassed, and the chronicles of the time all bear witness to her exalted character. Turgot, the queen's upright biographer in her own age, says of her influence on her husband, "I confess I was astonished at the great miracle of God's mercy, when I perceived in the king such a steady earnestness in his devotion, and I wondered how it was that there could exist in the heart of a man living in the world such an entire sorrow for sin."

While Margaret with horror broke up the Scots' habit of selling their wives, and busied herself in purging the Culdees' slackness by the Augustinians' new-born zeal, it is interesting to learn from Bishop Turgot that she visited all anchorites who lived faithfully in their cells, whatever their form of vow. Being unable to persuade these to accept help, she built at St. Andrews many dwellings (beyond the *Vetus Hospitium*?) to shelter pilgrims.

Admittedly a cherisher of relics, this earnest-minded child of her age met a singular slight from history. When she died, her head was carried to Edinburgh Castle, whence Mary Stuart, when

she fled towards her own decapitation in England, caused it to be removed to the house of the Laird of Dury. After thirty years' rest at Dury, the head was given up to John Robie, a missionary Jesuit, who conveyed it to Antwerp. There a bishop, after verification of the memorial, exposed it to public veneration. Seven years later the memento passed to the College of Douai, where in the dust of the French Revolution fame lost touch with it.

CHAPTER IV

PRIORY LIFE

BEFORE the Normans came to Britain, there had been in that kingdom many a monkery, many a nunnery; mostly easy-going, if bare, homes for celibates, homes that had, however, suffered periodical ravages by the Danes. Originally a monastery was a building to which, under certain necessary conditions, men were admitted who desired to save their own souls by lonely self-denial, meditation, prayer and praise to God. Gradually a beneficence radiated from these institutions. The monks had found the pleasure of helping other human beings—mostly the simple field-workers and the travellers along highways. But within William the Conqueror's reign of twenty-one years these elementary monkeries had been eclipsed, in degree, by at least thirty conventual establishments designed on a large scale, furnished with every aid for the training of ascetics in introspective godliness, yet beginning also to display hospitality that made each citadel of Christian influence an infirmary, a dispensary, a distributor of alms for poverty, and (here these innovators laid the foundations of our universities) an instructor of youth. This thought for others was no part of the primitive monk, who had only com-

pounded with life to escape from what seemed to him the lust and rapine of the general world, and to try to save his too self-conscious soul in a laughterless cell. The greatest dangers lurking in this cell life were not cold and disease: they were self-praise, the loss of relation to reality, superbia. The later Norman era, in spite of many feudal sophisms mistaken for principles of virile truth, did display and publish this spiritual fact, that the average man who endeavours to spend his life quietly under God's eye will find happiness less in cave or detached cell than by penetrating into the companionship of other meditative, prayerful men who support a spiritual concord in existence. This was Europe's judgment in the Middle Ages about devout living as feasible offset to the roar of revenges and the affectations into which chivalry strayed. In broader terms of human kindness, the mediæval monastery was an expansion of St. Antony's community.

Boece, we have seen, claims that the Augustinian monastery of St. Andrews was one of the most important among the religious settlements fathered by Normans; at any rate it bore within it the nucleus of a plan that would largely obliterate the tradition of that Abbot Columba who lured hearts to the misty shores of Iona in the north rather than impelled minds to Rome in the south. It eased the task of government for all kings who would tolerate the Papacy's skilled interference. It brought an imposing brotherhood of faith before folk as possible

for a congeries of diverse nations. To a large extent it removed from monarch, baron, or boor the need to wrinkle the brow with puzzlement over the inner life. "Do as we tell you and your soul is secure in our charge; keep your wits for your worldly pre-occupation. Such is the reasonable division of responsibility in the world's hurly-burly." Nunneries were unknown during our city's period of ecclesiastical vigour.

Students may care to picture for themselves what the coming of the Augustinian canons meant to St. Andrews. Dr. Jessop's writings and Dr. Lilly's and Cardinal Gasquet's help here.

The successors of mighty Columba had undoubtedly allowed his pure tradition of the life of prayer and praise to trickle, if we may so say, into the earth: the religious community lapsed to corruption through an accumulation of landed property, engineered for their own advantage by the heads of tribes. The Culdees, in their era, fell from grace through the same temptation. When the Augustinians (in their rituals as near the Culdees as a Norman corporation might be) examined the Culdees, they found (1) that expropriation and ultimate extinction of these indigenous loiterers must be an aim for new and vigorous settlers; (2) that meanwhile the existing Culdee canons must be assigned secular rather than altar duties; and (3) that the less lazy of the Culdees might be drawn to give open obedience to the Pope, the re-

ward or sign being absorption as Augustinian Canons Regular. When a Culdee canon (old-fashioned or new-fashioned) died, his place was always to be supplied from the Norman-bred brothers who had come to these wind-searched shores by counsel of the Bishop of Carlisle.

We have seen that monks lived together primarily to save their own souls; and the friars who rose up after them made among themselves gatherings aiming at brotherly help of other people's souls. A number of these friars took the name of Canons, people who, while not debarred from contact with the world, lived by a body of corporate rules. Their clothing—the rochet being distinctive—was more comfortable, and their table was better furnished, than that of the monks. Secular Canons was the name given to friars who ranged themselves forth for parochial or missionary toil, living in separate houses. There were friars who, as Erasmus says, filled a middle place between the secluded monks and the Canons Secular: these were Canons Regular. The friars who arrived at St. Andrews were Canons Regular, bent on helping God and the Pope and the king to spread civilised religion through the northern shires that were now called by a former Erse name—Scotland. The great Augustine had laid down the principles on which this body of men (not necessarily learned, but largely drawn from the gentry) founded their lives: to live chastely for others; to pray or sing together to God, and attend the

mystery of Communion in the choir, daily; to follow the precept and example of the Apostles by preaching, teaching, and the administration of the sacraments, or by giving hospitality to pilgrims and succouring the sick.

The Priory or Augustinian monastery of St. Andrews was begun by Bishop Robert about 1144. In the twelfth century a house of religion was a well-built refuge where men were chosen by a superior—the prior—to “come together” (hence the name *Convent*) for a stated purpose—God’s glory. They ate their meals in common; slept in a common dormitory; attended services in a common church; took exercise, and transacted any business they ever had, in a common-roofed cloister; and eventually reached bodily rest in a common cemetery reserved for them and their like. When they addressed letters of business or courtesy to people outside, the missive would begin with a corporate phrase, such as “The Prior and Convent of the Monastery of St. Andrews to——.” Parishes were sometimes administered or helped from such centres, and the power and significance of the Augustinians may be further gauged when we say that by this Order the “hospitals” of St. Andrews, Monymusk, Lochleven, San Spirito at Rome, St. Bernard on the Simplon, St. Bartholomew at Smithfield were at one and the same time governed.

First of all, and ever the most important to the

mind of monk or friar, came the institutional church. St. Andrews once had three such churches: the Cathedral, to represent the diocese of the Bishop Superior; the ordinary church of the Priory—St. Regulus, at one time called St. Andrews, and, still further back, Kilrule; then, less closely under its authority, a parish church for the neighbouring town or city—in our case, the Church of the Holy Trinity, beautifully rebuilt lately under the charge of the Reverend Patrick Playfair. Let us remember, a monastery was essentially a refuge from a world lying in wickedness; a bulwark against the impeachment of humanity. But the austerity of its rules did not prevent each of these establishments from lavishing on its church or churches all the glory that could be derived from elaborate architecture, rich hangings, tessellated pavements, paintings of Christ, of Mary, and of saints and their doings, embroidered vestments, stained glass, chalices and patens and alms-dishes of chased gold. The glowing place of worship was the heaven of ecclesiastics, a cynosure for all more mundane eyes. So well did the religious succeed—give them due æsthetic credit—in producing lovely houses of prayer, that when the Reformation tried to make a new world, it turned away its mind from the whole realm of æsthetics as devilish, and pledged itself to an ecclesiastical style of building that some Barebones might have evolved from the uncouth honesty of barns.

There is no evidence that St. Rule's was ever a church with a transept. The relics of St. Andrews must be presumed to have been treasured in St. Rule's till the Cathedral had advanced far enough to demand them for its altar. The chronicles frequently mention sumptuous gifts from royalties and nobles to St. Rule's—a golden crucifix, for instance, from Queen Margaret. All these embellishments have, of course, disappeared. St. Rule's is indicated many times in the chronicles as the final resting-place of bishops and priors; yet not one of these sepulchres is indicated now by any sign. The whole inner glory of the building has been dissipated. Apparently the Reformation was glad to sweep away equally dead Papists and the living Papists who executed a general retreat from Scotland about 1560. The penalty of decline ensued. In its secular prosperity the city once numbered fifteen thousand; some say double. It sank to be under two thousand (1755).

The choir of a monastery's place of worship was reserved for the ministrants at the altar and a congregation of monks. Servants, workpeople, odd visitors had to be content with any spare corners of the structure that afforded a little room; not every such building provided, as St. Rule's did, a nave.

As the church was the heart of the community, the great quadrangle called the cloister, well roofed, enclosed by high walls, and provided with a grassy



WEST CATHEDRAL, AND UNIVERSITY, *from top of St. Rule's.*

plot for centre, might be described as the thorax of the monastery. Its position was south of the adjacent church or churches (in the case of St. Andrews, the Cathedral), so that it might catch as much warm sunlight as possible, and gain shelter from the northerly and easterly winds. On the inner side of the cloister's four-square passage or arcade the roof was supported by pillars fancifully constructed. The grassy plot was sometimes dotted with trees and bisected by a rivulet. It was called the "garth." The men of religion carried out nearly all their more ordinary work—including school-teaching—in the cloister, and there they may be affirmed to have lived a healthy, open-air life. Various narrow walks in the cloister led to the refectory or dining hall; the chapter-house or council-room; the dormitory, built above vaulted chambers, and used during the day by the brothers who came thither for the monthly blood-letting deemed necessary for keeping the flesh under subjection. The dormitory, where the beds of the monks were ranged, had lamps burning in it all night long, because of the calls to services. There was a covered way from the cloister to the church or cathedral. We see, then, the church on the north, the chapter-house and dormitory on the east, on the south the refectory. On the west were the cellars, the kitchen, kitchener's offices, or chequers, and a guest-chamber for distinguished visitors. A rich monastery would also include infirmary, general

guest-house, calefactory or room for comfort of warmth, recreation hall and lecture hall. There would be a library of three or four hundred books, all costly, many of them rolls of parchment hanging on the walls. Then there was the Scriptorium, a writing-room furnished with the purtenances desirable for the execution of original MSS. and copies of such documents. All the munimentary business of the establishment about its property was carried on here: an intricate and far-stretching system of rents. Vellum (the skin of calves) was reckoned superior to parchment (skin of sheep) for charters. Worn-out service books and music books and school books were here repaired; and here also were seats for those who jotted down the daily doings of the community. Only a few of the friars in an ordinary monastery were in the proper sense learned; some were scarcely literate.

In the nineteenth century Colonel Campbell demolished much of the old Priory, and used the site for building a residence.

The "port" or gate at the west end of South Street was reconstructed about 1589, was again renovated a little later, and became almost wholly changed in 1844. Other ancient streets, like North Street and Market Street, also had ports, no longer extant, but they never had city walls to guard them. These three great streets just named are not, as they almost seem, parallel with each other. They converge towards the Cathedral. The Parish

Church, in beauty and then in barn-ugliness, and again in comeliness, has stood on its present site since 1411. At that period it replaced a still older "Holy Trinity" that lay eastward, behind the spot where the Norman end of the Cathedral rears itself.

CHAPTER V

RISE AND FALL OF CHURCH FABRICS

IN 1160 Bishop Arnold inaugurated the structure of St. Andrews Cathedral, and he died in 1162. The work never dropped. Feudal endowment supported the undertaking more substantially than oblations. Within a century the main building was ready, and so was the supplementary Priory. From the earliest chapter seal it seems likely that St. Rule's Tower watched the creation of the central building that showed forth St. Andrews as the religious primacy of Scotland. The bishops were, *ex officio*, superiors of the monastery—that driving force of the huge house of public worship—founded about the year 1144. The entire Cathedral took rather less than one hundred and sixty years to form. The greater and final portion of the nave was reared in the Pointed manner by the same Bishop Wishart who built the Dominican Monastery at the further end of South Street. The original west gable of the Cathedral soon crumbled before a gale, and it was restored by Wishart. The east gable also suffered, through another storm, and the re-constructors took the opportunity to effect alterations in the lines of decoration. We can still see the

traces of the original design—nine Norman windows of equal size, three and three above three. The upper two rows were suppressed and their place was filled by one wide pointed window. Stained glass was growing cheaper and more sumptuous. On the outside of this gable, about eight feet from the ground, the visitor will find a curious incised symbol, like a consecration mark. There are two other such marks; one on the north wall of the fratriy, and on the west wall, south of the door. Like Glasgow, Elgin, Dunfermline and many of the great buildings, our Cathedral was furnished with a transept tower, not quite so high as St. Rule's. The roots of its supporting pillars still exist. Glasgow and Pluscarden alone preserve intact such towers of this era.

King Robert the Bruce attended the dedication of the Cathedral not long after Bannockburn. King James V. here wedded Mary of Guise.

In 1559 the Cathedral was attacked by a mob glad to be let loose by John Knox's authority. The releasing utterance was a sermon by Knox in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity. But, as generally happens with mobs, professed principles of piety soon changed into absorbing hatred of other people's religion. In the time of the first of the Condés, the spirit of the iconoclast was shown in the same frenzy that seized the Scottish mob of St. Andrews. Condé threatened to shoot a young man whom he found breaking one image after another. The threatened zealot replied, "Monseigneur, ayez

patience que j'aurai abattu cette idole, et puis, que je meure, s'il vous plait." (Hume Brown's *Knox*.) There is on record language that shows how Knox felt ashamed at the indiscriminate destruction begun by his followers in 1559. In a few years the Cathedral lay at the mercy of a monkless town as a quarry for the folk; a quarry it remained up to a few years ago. Scores of the town houses were built from its ruins. Even our present harbour pier is composed out of its stones. The fine flooring of red brick is gone. The copper roof that had caused the famous centre of ecclesiastical authority to sparkle in mute dignity over so many miles of the North Sea was stripped and melted at once into pots and pans. So they say. But Hay Fleming denies that there was a copper roof.

The Cathedral, on present plan, consisted of a presbytery and a choir of five bays with aisles, and an eastern chapel in each aisle; north and south transepts, each of three bays, with eastern aisles; a nave of twelve bays with north and south aisles; and a large central tower over the crossing. Such is a description by MacGibbon, who gives total length as 355 feet; width of nave, 63 feet; length of transepts, 167 feet; width of transepts, 43 feet. There was a well in the nave, to the west of the transept. The south wall of the nave stretches at least 34 feet beyond the present west wall, and shows at the top signs of groining. The arcade over the west door seems to be copied in the adjacent Pends. Mac-



View of the
West End of the
Cathedral Ruins
from Roundel Garden.
St. Rule's - 1881. May 1921.

WEST END OF CATHEDRAL RUINS AND ST. RULE'S,
from Roundel Garden.

Gibbon pronounces that the lower storey of the west end, which is in the First Pointed style, is all that is left of the façade erected by Bishop Wishart; the portion above the first string-course was rebuilt at a later date. A holy-water stoup remains in the angle of the transept adjoining the eastern door to the cloister. Another doorway in that region led to the conventual buildings, which were to the south of the Cathedral, in this and all points conforming to the architectural prescription of European monasticism. The chapter house was a room twenty-six feet square—the parliament house of the brethren. Several portions of the cloisters show a Pointed style both rich and pure—more interesting than most of the Cathedral work. In the fourteenth century Bishop Lamberton built a new chapter house, further east. The south wall of this remains, showing thirteen of the seats. The old chapter house became a vestibule to the new one. South of the original chapter house was the fraternity. The west side of the cloister was occupied by the sub-prior's dwelling, also known as the Senzie House. There was a large Senzie chamber there, extended in the sixteenth century to contain a library for St. Leonards College.

The grounds of the Priory included (1) the Old Guest House, within the wall of St. Leonards School. Part of its wall exists. John White built this in the thirteenth century. (2) The New Inn, built for James V.'s first queen, Magdalene, who never

saw it. Occasionally it was lent to some archbishop, and it may have been used by Mary of Guise when she was regent. Its gate still stands as an entrance to part of St. Leonards School, but it has been widened and removed from its original position. It bears the Scottish arms and the arms of Prior Hepburn. (3) The Granary, north-east of New Inn, and near the Monks' Well now included in the Cemetery. (4) The Abbey Mill and the Teind Barn, near New Inn.

In North Street, at the spot where the University Ceremonial Hall is to be built, there was an ecclesiastical building, for some time the town vicarage. Fragments of it still stand, and in the middle of the street in front of it rose the Fish Cross, a market for seafarers' use.

In the time of Bishop William de Landel, 1378, the Cathedral suffered heavily from fire. The Bishop and the Prior, Stephen de Pay (mark the names of Normans!), repaired the damage, the roof of transepts, choir and aisles being fortified with "werk of Tree" overlaid with "Thak of Lead." Possibly this thack of lead gleamed so brilliantly that the tradition of a copper roof and its fate is but a needless fairy tale. It was about this time, Wyntoun records, that most of the central tower was built. The renewing of the fabric of the south half of the nave from the west to the ninth pillar occupied nine years. The restoration was completed by Bishop Wardlaw, who introduced inlaid floors and stained-

glass windows. The north half of the west gable wall, including tower, seems to have fallen about 1683.

For scantily populated Fife of the feudal period the Cathedral was a costly emblem of ecclesiastical pride. Yet throughout the whole fabric we look in vain for originality in structure or decoration. A scheme seems to have evolved itself content to summarise the more static commonplaces of Norman, Early Pointed, and Fully Pointed eras as expressed in the south. Columba's dreamful mind for the Gospel's poetry, Knox's critical mind, entered into the forming of Scottish religion and character. The designers of St. Andrews Cathedral have left us no masonry that, even on a single pillar, such as the Prentice Pillar of Roslin, breathes of Scottish capacity to interpret itself about beauty. The draughtsmen, the masons had been brought from afar; most of the monks who helped bishop and king to gather up the money to pay had been born elsewhere. The quality and chiselling of the very stones assembled for this structure have proved to be second rate: inferior far to the substance of St. Rule's. The weather sings its shrillest in these coigns and gables of grey dejection.

CHAPTER VI

A GUILD OF CATHEDRAL BUILDERS

BRITAIN had guilds before it had kings. Among the tradesmen and artificers, the guild was a predecessor of poor law and benefit society, but with the widest aims directed to religion and morality. It really sought love for one's neighbour more than company-profits, and expressed Old England's search after Frith-bork or Peace Pledge, the root of our civil society. Toulmin Smith's volume on *The English Guilds* reveals the actual rules of more than a hundred of such associations, some of them quoted in the laws of King Alfred, and all of them corresponding to similar rules effective among the Germans.

From Italy, Germany and Normandy, using guild observances of their own, came to us large bodies of skilled cathedral builders, of whom the student may read at large in an American book, Fort's *History of Freemasonry*, or in a more flamboyant yet interesting volume, Mrs. Leader Scott's illustrated account of the Comacine Guild, entitled *The Cathedral Builders*.

A master mason from France, one Moreau or Morow, is the only artificer recorded as superin-

tending the Kilrymont basilica. Local historians have passed him over. But in a weather-worn corner of Melrose Abbey we may still decipher an inscription affirming that John Morow, born in Paris,

had — in — keeping :
 al mason : werk of Santan
 droys : y^e : hye kirk : of Glas
 gow : Melrose : and Pasley : of
 Nyddysdayll : and : of : Galway : I : pray : to : God :
 And : Mary : baith : and : sweet : St. :
 John : keep : this : haly : Kirk :
 fra : skaith :

Apparently this dealer in Norman fashions occupied the command in Scotland that William of Sens, some forty years later, exercised more brilliantly in rebuilding the Cathedral of Canterbury and in the planning of several southern abbeys. It is believed that a group of such French master builders—representing a craft that drifted to them from Italy — held among themselves at York in 926 a convention that laid the basis for a Freemasonry which was not formally acknowledged in our country till the thirteenth century.

Morow had finished Melrose Abbey in the space of ten years (1146), and probably then discharged duty elsewhere than at St. Andrews ere he took part in erecting our Cathedral. We must suppose he would not attempt to construct colossal churches without a lay body of trained workers under him, although no regular corporation of independent masons was recognised by our law till later.

Certainly there were guilds of Greek builders plying trade in Europe early. King Alfred is stated to have tried hard to organise from such foreign sources an efficient corps of architects to rebuild the burnt churches of his kingdom.

French masters mentioned as builders of our great fanes are Masericius, Lanfranc, Robert de Blois, two kinsmen named de Sens, Robert de Losenge; and that flower of Gothic architecture, King's College, Cambridge, was built by a German master called Klaus.

The inscription we have quoted is essentially the first statement our country possesses about the building guilds. There is a supplement, on a florid stone of Morow's, tolerably preserved above a staircase door in Melrose Abbey. It is carved in the form of a shield bearing the figure of interlocked compasses and an inscription:

So gays [goes] y^e compass evene about,
 So truth and laute [loyalty] do but [without] doubte,
 Behold, to y^e hende; quath
 John Morow.

A third fragment of inscription at Melrose runs thus:

John : Morrow : sum : tyme : callit :
 Was : I : and : born : in : Parysse :
 Certainly :

Down the centuries these somewhat self-satisfied inscriptions have been taken at their face construction, that Morow was a one-idead master

builder engaged on fabrics which we certainly know to have sprung up in the twelfth century. Writers there are in our time who make themselves believe that these inscriptions are not earlier than 1473, and are of secondary importance, having nothing to do with the founding of these abbeys or cathedrals. In *Scots Lore*, published by Hodge in 1895, the late P. MacGregor Chalmers wrote four charming articles purporting to reconstruct the life of this Morow, claiming him as a fifteenth-century Scot, and declaring him designer of St. Salvator's, making much of Morow's use of the fleur-de-lys as emblem (surely a Frenchman's, after all!), indicating him as Sheriff of Selkirk, rich, and the true hero of the famous ballad entitled *The Outlaw Murray*. Mr. Chalmers was a distinguished architect, and, so far, a very competent searcher for lost details about his forerunners; but his results in this case seem to be more attractive and ingenious than destructive of the earlier set of claims. The plainer case is that Morow has from the twelfth century been allowed to assert that he came from Paris, and in that twelfth century had to do with the original fane at St. Andrews as a master builder. Anyhow, whatever we make of Morow or Moreau, we may remind ourselves that it would be absurd to suppose that our own Cathedral was constructed by a mere chance mob of artificers. Some if not most of these artificers would be trained abroad; accustomed to foreign

command, and not very likely to meet any Scot of that period who could teach experts the business of monastic masonry. The director, then, was most likely some Frenchman or Italian or German. He was a master mason who first qualified himself to receive the title of Fellow of his craft, then claimed the authority of Magister by superintending successfully the erection of at least three important religious edifices. It is almost certain that the master, with his assistants (Fellows), governed his scores of quarriers, masons, sculptors, decorators, smiths through a scheme of guild rules that claimed to be independent of the ordinary laws of the land. Any member of the building society could impeach the master, and have him dismissed if a majority of the workmen condemned his moral conduct. On the other hand, the master (subject to the general vote when it was demanded) had power to eject any workman for misbehaviour. The master moved about with a kind of tiara on his head. Out of ecclesiastical bounds, he hospitably treated all apprentices as in some measure his sons. In the case of St. Andrews, the workmen lodged in various quarters of the city, and not in special hostels, as was usual a little later in the century. An apprentice worked as artificer and student of geometry for at least seven years ere becoming Fellow. On receiving this degree he was led round the lodge-room blindfold, prayer was used, he knelt before his superiors while three



HARBOUR END OF ST. ANDREWS, from Castle (from a picture by W. Hackstoun).

blows of a mason's hammer were struck, he took, on the Scriptures and on compass and square, an oath to obey all the guild laws, and was presented during beer-drinking with a pair of white gloves. The Fellows were initiated in the higher technical secrets of the craft and most of the grips and passwords. They were free to wander over all countries as they chose, with right (here lies the basis of Freemasonry) to claim acceptance for proved skill. The authoritative body that had examined his work and given him his charter assigned to him a kind of physical brand and a special mason's mark by which his identity could be at all times established. When a travelling Fellow arrived at a strange lodge in search of employment, he distinctly knocked thrice on the door at evening. The brethren within laid aside all occupation, and grouped themselves near the entrance. The master, if present, ranked on this occasion no higher than anybody else. The new-comer advanced with three formal steps, and greeted the Fellows of the lodge, who individually contributed to his means if he were in need. Stone and a knife were provided, and the traveller cut his private mark, which was laid away with care. The applicant thus became free of the lodge. He removed his hat, and with humble reverence murmured, "May God thank you, Master and Wardens and worthy Fellows." The corporate secrets of those comrades were mainly a mass of intricate knowledge about angles and circles and

the use of squares, gauges, levels and plumbs, all the instruction being wrapped up in mystical verbiage. No woman was allowed to live in or visit in a mason's dwelling. If it was ever necessary for a mason to exchange words with a woman of doubtful character—one, for instance, who had borne a child out of wedlock—the conversation had to be carried on over the intervening space of a hammer's-throw. No person of illegitimate birth could join the guild. An apprentice might enter on apprenticeship at the age of fifteen or sixteen at the earliest. Work for all classes began on the Cathedral grounds with prayer; labour was carried on in total silence unless special leave for a few necessary words was accorded; a code of signs replaced speech; and the signal that a day's work was over took the form of a hammer's summons to evening prayer. It may interest some to learn that all stone-dressing was carried out by axe until William of Sens, thirty years after St. Andrews Cathedral began, invented the mason's chisel. Wages were paid daily at sunset: averaging sixpence. For equivalent value in our own age, multiply by at least five. Friars were sometimes allowed to qualify as Cathedral masons. They were even permitted to help in erecting the town's secular buildings, but never if these buildings had to do with war. The friars often threw open some of their rooms for the study of architecture in all its branches. But, after the tenth century the

masters withheld from this patronage. By the eleventh century, monasteries had begun to receive temporarily within their circle brothers not consecrated to priesthood, but passed through courses of manual labour for the community and thus prepared for valuable citizenship. The friars who learned to build were perhaps chiefly drawn from this class of ascetics.

Storms were sometimes repelled with the beating of a hammer; and the same sound was used for the passing of a brother's soul.

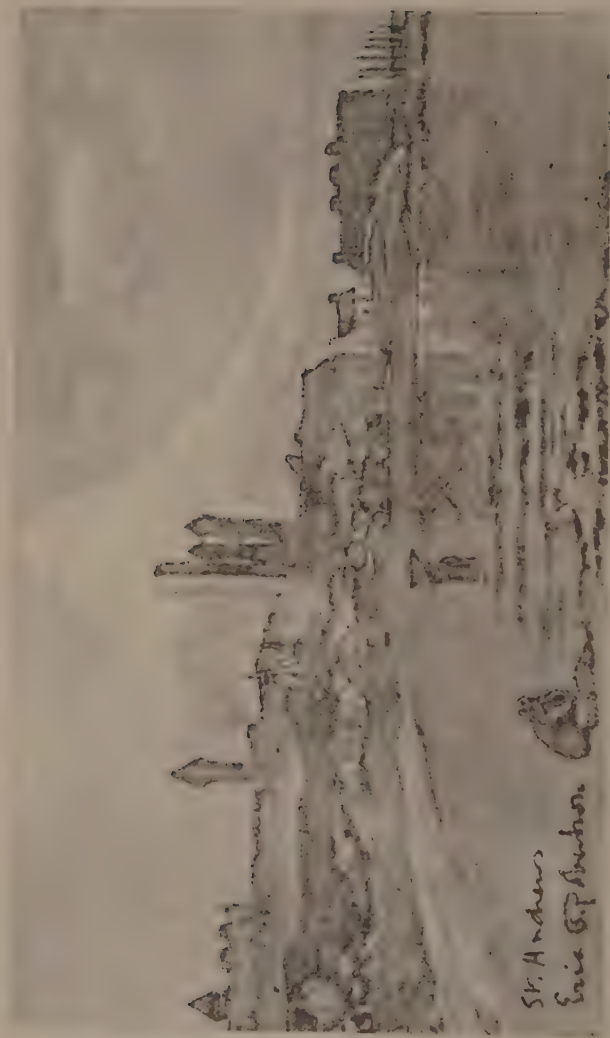
CHAPTER VII

WORKING BISHOPS

AN early Culdee bishop, "St." Adrian, was killed in the Isle of May, whither Danish pirates chased him in the reign of Constantine II., about 870. The Danes burnt the May monastery and killed all Adrian's band of zealous preachers. Pilgrims soon began to visit this resting-place of martyrs, and the shrine obtained a curious celebrity with women as a means of curing barrenness. Adrian and his brethren had exhibited Culdeeism at its best, though so cruelly ravaged.

It was the famous king Kenneth MacAlpin, Celtic conqueror of the Picts and practically inaugurator of modern "Scotland," who erected the diocese of St. Andrews. By the time of Malcolm IV. (1153-65) it embraced Fife, Kinross, Clackmannan, part of Perthshire, of Forfarshire and the Mearns; all the Lothians, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire.

Turgot, a Norman (1107-15), is considered the first distinct Regular or Roman Bishop of St. Andrews. Through the feudal centuries there was to be constant debate among Scottish kings, popes—even English kings and the two English archbishops—and the Culdees and the Augustinians, as to



St. Andrews
Erie G.P. Station

CITY, from West Sands.

who had the right to select such bishops; but in Turgot's case the man's saintly conduct as prior of Durham monastery so recommended him for the post that his biographer and successor, Eadmere, records his appointment as having had the concurrence of king, clergy and people. The people soon lost all votes in such matters. Turgot acted as confessor to Queen Margaret, probably penned the well-known life of that devotee, persuaded her husband, Malcolm, to take part in commencing the cathedral of Durham, and initiated in Fife an elaborate tithe system and an altarage system which grew to be a burden sixty years later under Bishop Richard. These dues, in part, were ultimately handed by Queen Mary to the civil authorities; and much obloquy she brought upon herself by the forced surrender. When Margaret died, Turgot retired from his turbulent diocese to Durham. It was this bishop who founded and endowed the stone Parish Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Andrews.

Bishop Eadmere (1120) was a good man badly treated. Canterbury and King Alexander I. long quarrelled over this admirable historian's appointment, so that Eadmere finally returned to the king his gift of a ring and the crosier that indicated his office. He went south, and died as a precentor. Eadmere had given away the authority of Canterbury in submitting to King Alexander. That king took care to look in another direction for his next

primate, and caused Prior Robert to be brought from the Augustinian monastery at Scone. At this period Norman influence was flooding the whole of Scotland.

The next bishop, Robert, had reached Scotland from Yorkshire. It was not till the death of jealous Alexander that the Archbishop of York was allowed to consecrate him to his office. Just before his end, Alexander had endowed the clergy of St. Andrews with a large estate called the Boar's Chase, already referred to. The king had destined his gift for a priory. Robert desired to keep it for his bishopric, but David I. eventually talked him into the right way.

The chief event in Bishop Robert's reign of some thirty-five years (1124) was the foundation of the Priory in fulfilment of the king's desire. We learn, too, of the crowds of Scottish, French, Flemish, English who lived inside and outside of the city, bartering wool, skins, salted fish, horses, sheep, and oxen; linen, silk, gold and silver, carpets, tapestries, wine, olive-oil, drugs, cutlery, arms. The official head or provost of the traders was a Fleming named Mainard, subsequently called Mainard Fleming. Pilgrims brought riches. In the Latin of *Vita Oswini* are to be found several stories of pilgrims cured of severe ills at St. Andrews, or going to or coming from that holy place; and some of these tales of recovery, which would travel nearly as quickly along the pilgrim-tracks as our posted letters, indicate the harbour of the city as busy.

Bishop Robert and the contemporary Prior Robert laboured together harmoniously in submitting all church projects of the diocese to the scrutiny of Rome. Many monasteries were in that period inaugurated.

When Robert died, King Malcolm IV., attended by nobles and high clergy, took station in St. Rule's, and there, with a Pope's legate in authority, appointed to the vacancy that Arnold, formerly Abbot of Kelso, who founded the Cathedral in 1160. It is held to have been during this bishopric that Malcolm IV. vouched to the citizens a small, beautifully written parchment, giving them the fullest burgess-rights wherever their business might take them within his dominions. This Malcolm, who died eventually at the age of twenty-four as "the Virgin King," received meekly in public from Bishop Arnold an exhortation about the duty of marriage.

Richard followed Arnold (1163), and remained two years elect before he entered into possession of the see. As not unfrequently happened, Rome took the side of Scotland's independence against England. Pope Alexander freed Richard from all attempts of the Archbishop of York to interfere, and sent special sanction for the new diocesan's consecration by the bishops of his own northern Church. Richard has left us this enlightening pronouncement about the builders of the Cathedral:

Richard, by the grace of God Bishop of St. Andrews, to his bailies and burgesses of St. Andrews, *salutem*: seeing

it is my duty to provide for the building of the new Church of St. Andrews, and to remove every impediment to its progress, I hereby forbid, on pain of forfeiture, any one to interfere with the plasterers (*cementarios*), masons (*quarriarios*), modellers (*taliarios*), or any other workman engaged about the church, without leave from the canon who has charge of the work. I desire also and strictly command, that the workmen have liberty to buy food and clothing, the same as any other burgesses or stall-keepers (*homines stalagii*) without hinderance, so long as they are occupied about the work; and that no one exact from them stallage, or any other dues, unless they pay them of their own accord; but if any of them have a house or land in the burgh, let them pay the customary dues. Farewell.

Signed by eight witnesses.

We find from the history of Richard that the Bishop of St. Andrews' official residence was no longer on Kirkheugh, but in the priory—until a castle should have been built for his accommodation. Wyntoun thus ends his rhymed account of Richard:

He was, the tyme that he lived here,
Of the Kyrk a stark pillere,
Defendyt he gart the Kyrk be weel
In all the freedoms ilka deal.

Now came a long and bitter dispute between popes and King William as to the rival claims of John Scott, of Oxford, and Hugh, the king's chaplain. Hugh actually won, because, although Scott was consecrated, William wore out his patience and cut away his means. The register of the priory about this time, as quoted in Lyon's *History of St. Andrews*, shows that the emolument of this see



CASTLE, from West.

was immense, £8018, at least equal to £40,000 of to-day's money.

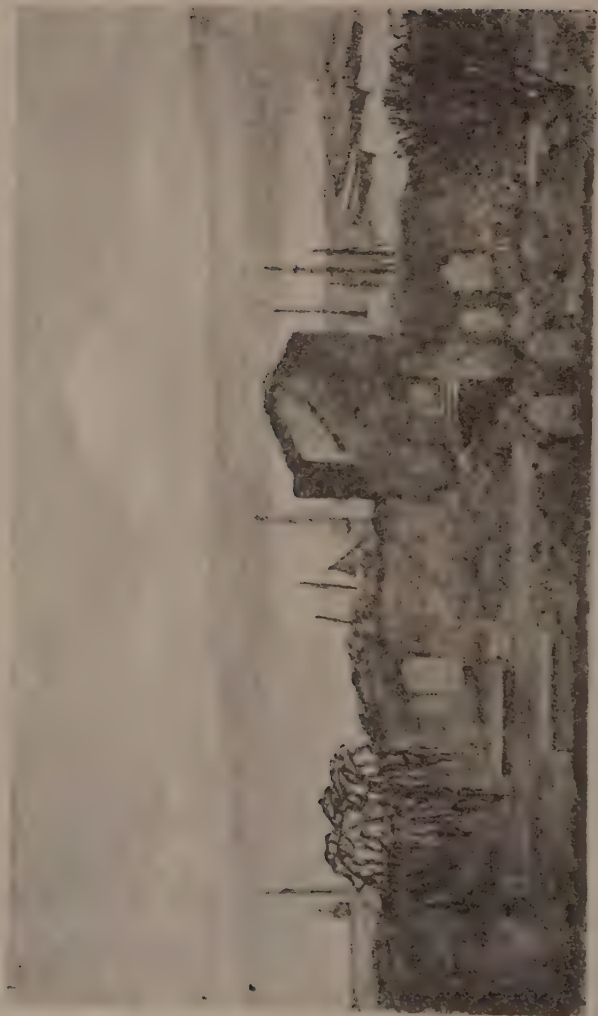
Hugh (1178) made little mark as bishop, and was succeeded by Roger (1189), son of the Earl of Leicester, who built St. Andrews Castle, situated on a rocky point of the coast that could command the *écclésia*, the Boar's Chase, the entrance to port and the whole bay. This bishop remained elect for ten years ere he came to his own. A good deal of his time he spent in London on diplomatic business. Like so many local dignitaries of the Church, he was buried at St. Rule's; his epitaph may be thus translated: "Passenger, stop, reflect! the first tomb contains Robert, the next Arnold, the last Roger. On earth they were bishops, who are now citizens of heaven."

CHAPTER VIII

CASTLED BISHOPS

THE worldliness that had held up progress in the Columban and then in the Culdee Church—the worldliness, very soon, of the Cathedral clergy in their turn—laid hold of stone and lime to make for itself a fortress. Connected—it is possible, though unproved—with Cathedral and Priory by an underground passage, the Castle rose near the sea. It claimed to be guardian of the Church's rights and the city's prosperity. Fitting enough, perhaps, that a bishop with eight thousand pounds a year should have a home of his own. But in reality this was but one more of the feudal fortalices—half shelter for garrison and half dungeoned menace to popular freedom—in which the hereditary proprietor defended himself from becoming the prey of barons around him. From first to last, the fights around this castle indicated rather the bloated land-grabber holding his own against other insatiable land-grabbers, than attacks by fanatics upon the representative of another form of religion against which their inmost souls rebelled. In these days, travelling was difficult; to visit the Highlands or Galloway was then as dangerous for a





PRIOR HEPBURN'S WALL AND THE UPPER HARBOUR.

native of Fife as if to-day he were to set out for mid-Africa. A general public consciousness or policy could not easily generate itself in such a land. But fighting was in everybody's blood. At Bannockburn three hundred ecclesiastics fell. Any farmer in Fife would gladly abandon plough or sickle to enjoy a raid on behalf of his feudal lord. It was easy enough for a Bishop of St. Andrews to persuade himself that he could only hold up his dignity, for pope and king, if he entrenched himself as feudal guardian of the city. The castle that sprang from the rocks stood a little more remote from the high tides than does the ruin to-day. A road that was created to pass cattle from Kinkell Braes to watering on the Swilcan Burn led the beasts round by the shore north of the castle. On the east of the castle, in Queen Mary's time, remained a strip of recreation ground, where to-day nothing but slippery seaweed is green.

Roger, the man who projected the first form of the castle in 1200, had some excuse for regarding himself as a feudal baron. Not only was he bishop, but the Earl of Leicester was his father, and King William of Scotland was his cousin. We have already mentioned Roger. A hundred years after the castle was built, says Wyntoun,

Syre Andrew Murray cast it down,
For there he found a garrysoun
Of English men intil that place,

at a time when the see was vacant. In the register

of the Priory we find this Bishop Roger giving evidence in cases where Augustinians and Culdees fight each other, like two bands of vociferous crows, over property. The canons pacify the Culdees by resigning to them the tithes of Kingasc, Kinnakelle, Petsporgin, Petkennin, Letham, Kinness, Cairns, Cameron; but they retain Strath-tyrum, and claim, at all the places mentioned, the oblations of marriages, christenings and baptisms.

During the episcopate of Malvoisine (1202) Pope Honorius III. empowered this dignitary (1225) to be Conservator of the Clergy, and to hold provincial councils periodically. In Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland* eighty-four recommendations from these councils are tabulated. They aimed at eliminating clerical abuses, but were treated as chimerical. If they had not been suppressed by the more mercenary section of the clergy, the Reformation would never have evolved itself in its historical crudity. Malvoisine himself was not too unworldly. Fordun relates that he withdrew from Dunfermline Abbey the collation of two vicarages because its friars had not provided him with wine enough for supper. It was proved that the monks had provided lavishly of the best, but the bishop's servants stole the cheer.

Bernham succeeded Malvoisine (1238), and in this episcopacy King Alexander (1247) held a parliament at St. Andrews and there altered his coinage. Bernham dedicated for his diocese one hundred and forty churches in ten years, and his successor,

Abel (1254), did nothing but quarrel with his clergy. Shortly after appointment, he was walking in the Cathedral and named vaingloriously with chalk upon a board the three professions he had mastered:

Haec mihi sunt tria, lex, canon, philosophia.

Next day he found the board contained an additional line:

Te levant absque tria, fraus, favor, vanosophia.

Abel is reported to have died of vexation at this judgment. He lies buried before the high altar of the Cathedral.

In the time of Bishop Gameline (1255) it was proved that King Alexander III. and his noble adherents had formed a deep plot to rob the bishopric and priory of St. Andrews. The Pope carefully warned Gameline. Gameline gained the day, being supported by papal excommunication of his foes. No sooner was Gameline dead than King Alexander for a time seized the income of the St. Andrews Diocese and of four other bishops, called to Rome. And then came a strong Prelate for St. Andrews—Wishart. He arrived with favour shown not only by the Pope but by the English king, Edward I. Of his buildings we have already spoken. The Blackfriars of his Dominican monastery in South Street were free of episcopal control, in their wanderings as preaching friars. They wore a black cross over their white cloak. They were a mendicant

order, and sworn heresy-hunters. Bishop Wishart was chosen in 1278 to settle the marches between England and Scotland.

In the next episcopate (that of Fraser, 1279)

Alexander our kyng
That Scotland had in governyng,
Came intil hys ryauté,
Til of Sanct Andrewy's the city,
And in the Kyrk standand there,
Devotly before the high altare,
In wytness of all that was by,
Gadryd and standand all freely,
Till God and Sanct Andrewe, he
Graunted the strycken of moné.

This privilege was for the bishops. Wyntoun's statement lacks proof, though in John Baliol's time a silver crown-piece was undoubtedly circulated, containing the king's name and the words "Civitas S. Andre." Bishop Fraser, as one of the six regents of Scotland when Margaret of Norway was declared heir to the crown, after Margaret's death referred the crown disputes between Bruce and Baliol to Edward I., and the award crowned Baliol monarch, at Scone, in 1292. But this old Bruce's son, the great Robert, soon reversed the order of sovereignty. Fraser, like Baliol, had done obeisance to Edward I. as "Suvereyn Seygneur, reame de Escoce." Yet relations with Edward became so strained that Baliol sent Fraser to France, as an ambassador, to solicit the hand of a princess for his son. Fraser died in France, but his heart



THE BOTTLE DUNGEON OF CASTLE.

was buried beside Gameline. Robert Bruce and William Wallace were now the makers of Scottish history. A spurious bishop, William Cumyn, brother of the Earl of Buchan, had been foisted on St. Andrews. Blind Harry tells us that Wallace turned him out for being a sycophant to Edward. Cumyn "got away by sea." After the battle of Falkirk Edward and his troops marched to St. Andrews, and "Andrew's toune he wasted it full plane." The castle, of course, suffered.

Lamberton, the next bishop (1297), is believed to have been a staunch friend of Wallace's. Wallace in 1299 gave precedence to Bruce. In Lent of the following year King Edward held a Parliament at St. Andrews, at which nearly all the nobles and dignitaries of the land swore allegiance. Yet although Bruce and Lamberton had submitted (Wallace did not), they soon plotted together against England: and Lamberton had little difficulty in promising to crown Bruce as the next king, and so he eventually did at Scone. Edward for this imprisoned Lamberton at Nottingham. Yet the bishop escaped. After Bannockburn he somewhat repaired the castle and he added to the Priory, and he dedicated the completed Cathedral in 1318. Lamberton was a turbulent, unscrupulous but patriotic, generous and capable cleric. He died in the Priory. His Castle of St. Andrews was still confessedly uninhabitable. It had been taken and retaken four times in twenty-five years.

The young king, David II., was almost the only monarch who dwelt much at St. Andrews. Many of his edicts and charters are dated from this place. In his time Bishop Bane (1328), fearing the English after the dreadful battle of Dupplin, sailed for Flanders, where he died. His castle was at once seized by the enemy, and demolished in 1332. Soon after, as an earlier page notes, the Cathedral was burnt so badly that the repairs were not finished till 1440. The tithes of eleven parishes had been swallowed up in these reconstructions. Bishop de Landel (1342) was chiefly memorable for having made twenty-one journeys to England in connection with the release of King David II. Bishop-Elect De Pay (1385), on a voyage to Rome, was captured by English pirates, and expired at Alnwick. Traill (1385) was appointed bishop by his friend, the Avignon Pope, Clement VII. He rebuilt the castle. Fordun's account of Traill is worth quoting:

This censor of morals, this corrector of faults, than whom no one was more severe in punishing, more gentle in admonishing, more forward in assisting, more hospitable in entertaining, or more affable in manners, was broken down by old age, and died in the Castle, which he had reconstructed from its foundation.

It is to Traill that the revived castle owed not only its chapel (in which Knox probably received his rough-and-ready ordination) but its ample provision for incarcerations, including the lightless Bottle Dungeon.



ENTRANCE TO ST. MARY'S, seen from Crail's Lane.

Scotland cherished the side of the Avignon against the Roman claimants to the Papacy, and this schism prevented the proper confirmation of the next-elected bishop, Thomas Stewart (1401), son of King Robert II. While things were so, the bishop's nephew, David, Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of King Robert III., was placed under the surveillance of another uncle, the Duke of Albany. Rothesay was dissipated and headstrong. His story is dark. For a few days he was an inmate of the Bottle Dungeon at St. Andrews Castle, and then he was transferred to equally close quarters at Falkland Palace. Albany, feeling that only Rothesay and his brother James (afterwards James I.) stood between him and the throne, is said to have had the captive starved to death. At any rate, Rothesay's father, writing to Henry IV., expressed his opinion that Rothesay's end was thus accomplished.

A filibustering pastor, Walter de Danyelstone, who had climbed roughly to notice by somehow leading soldiers to the capture of Dumbarton Castle, now appeared, having pushed his way to be Primus at St. Andrews (1402), in exchange for the surrender, to the king, of Dumbarton. From St. Andrews Castle he issued with his garrison and laid waste Linlithgow. Many other were his violences.

This Master Walter was chosen soon
Agayne conscience of mony men;
But like it was, to staunch, then,

Wycked deedis mony and fell
By the men used of that castell.

Soon after at the Yule died he.
So little more than half a year
Lastit he in his powere.

Thus Wyntoun, a contemporary, who makes no mention of this robber being consecrated. From this incredible episode, it is well for us to turn and note that Wyntoun's own Prior at St. Andrews in this very time, Bisset, is spoken of by Fordun as a saintly man and a lover of learning.

By direction of this Prior, two of his canons were obliged to be licentiates in decrees; five bachelors in decrees; and two, masters in theology. Then it was that the cloistered garden of St. Andrews, exposed to the genial influences of the South, as much abounded with men illustrious for their virtues as it was productive of natural flowers.

This pleasant sentence seems verily a preface to the next phase of St. Andrews ecclesiasticism, in which Wardlaw became bishop (1403), and founded the University. It was this Wardlaw with whom, after losing his son in the battle of Shrewsbury, the powerful but banished Earl of Northumberland took refuge in St. Andrews Castle. Ere long the Scottish king, Robert III., sent his only surviving son, James, to be ward of the bishop in that very fortress where the Duke of Rothesay had been so harshly treated.

In one and the same reign—that of James I.—

the Court of Session was given to Scotland, and the University of St. Andrews, loosely founded on the teaching system of Paris University, offered to our country's youth an education beyond what could be expected from monastery or cathedral. Bishop Wardlaw, we have seen, founded our University—the first in the land. The University of Paris had been endowed with a Scots college in 1326, Lady Devergoil (wife of John Baliol) giving Baliol College to Oxford towards the close of the thirteenth century. Wardlaw and a good many Scottish lovers of learning had taken their degrees at Oxford, where, however, they were far from popular, as adherents of the Avignon Papacy. It was a friend of an Avignon Pope, Henry Ogilvy, Master of Arts, who rode down the streets of St. Andrews on the third of February, 1413, bearing Church blessing for an institution wherein science and philosophy should receive attention more particular than the average cloister professed: yet all the teachers were by constitution to be in holy orders. Great rejoicings took place. The bishop on the next day, Sunday, marched with the newly appointed Chancellor to the high altar of the Cathedral; the bulls were read; four hundred clerks and a multitude of the people joined all sorts of richly-robed dignitaries in singing *Te Deum*; and Mass was celebrated. The evening was devoted to wine and sport. No buildings were provided specially for the teachers or the taught: the work went on in the town sporadically

at first. The chief bull of Benedict XIII. had directed that the University was to be instituted "for the study of theology, canon and civil law, arts, medicine, and for other lawful faculties."

At this period no less than three popes were contending for St. Peter's Chair. As a matter of fact the St. Andrews Cathedral Chapter and the University abandoned the claims of Benedict, and allegiance was promised for the future to Martin V., of the more regular Roman line. In all, the teachers in the new seminary were thirteen doctors of theology and eight doctors of decrees, whose emolument was release from "all burdens and taxes" and from parish duties. James I., back in his own country after long captivity in England, proved an ardent encourager of learning, and the professors here found themselves addressing large classes of devoted students. These students observed almost as much simplicity of life as characterised youths attending the monastic colleges of Ireland. Many of the citizens harboured undergraduates without charge. The College of St. Leonards was eventually swept into the University scheme that associated it with St. Salvator's in 1747, while St. Mary's remained, as ever, independent until 1889.

James was crowned by his friend Bishop Wardlaw at Scone in 1424. Himself a man of real accomplishment in poetry and general literature, James searched Europe for great teachers, among whom he found Carthusian doctors distinguished:



*University Drive and Chapel
May 1880. L.H.*

UNIVERSITY (St. Salvador's Tower).

and some of these were invited to help in making the University brilliant. The king took care that good conduct as well as good brains should be called for from candidates for orders. And he decreed that all Masters of Arts should pronounce an oath to repudiate the sect called Lollards.

John Resby and Paul Craw had brought from the Continent to Fife a propaganda of these Lollards, "psalm-snufflers." They represented the kind of thought that Huss and Wickliffe popularised. Among other things, they maintained that the Pope is not Christ's Vicar on earth, and that no one could really be a vicar of Jesus who was an immoral man. John Fogo, professor of theology at St. Andrews, vehemently prosecuted these Lollards, trying to confute the murmurs among the students that repudiated purgatory, efficacy of pilgrimages, need for a separate order of priesthood, and resurrection of the physical body. Fogo, for his zeal, was promoted by the king to be Abbot of Melrose. Bishop Leslie's history says: "Craw was committed to the flames, to prevent the evil from spreading." The execution of Craw thrilled St. Andrews in 1432, the victim having a brass ball lodged in his mouth to prevent his addressing the people from the fagot. Resby was burnt at Perth. It was Lawrence of Lindores, a professor and the Pope's inquisitor, who instigated Fogo and brought this darkness over Wardlaw and the University. Lyon has, indeed, pointed out that *all* the martyrs at St. Andrews

were sacrificed by bishops who were distinguished for generosity to the seat of learning—Wardlaw, J. Beaton, D. Beaton, and Hamilton. They were scholars, with the prejudice of their times against new movements that seemed to destroy authority without creating new authority beyond that of speculative curiosity. Fordun insinuates that these two Lollard martyrs preached secretly some doctrines subversive of civil order. Hallam pronounces that the general body of Lollards

. . . bore a close resemblance to the Puritans of Elizabeth's reign; a moroseness that proscribed all cheerful amusements, an uncharitable malignity that made no distinction in condemning the established clergy, and a narrow prejudice that applied the rules of the Jewish law to modern institutions. Some of their principles were far more dangerous to the good order of Society, and cannot justly be ascribed to the Puritans.

It is said that to Wardlaw, and subsequently to Beaton, we owe the graceful if narrow span across the Eden now known as Guard Bridge (properly Gare—"fishery").

James Kennedy rose to be bishop in 1440. He was grandson of Robert III. This truly generous and open-minded man, in whose time no heretics were roasted, not only built St. Salvator's College, in 1450, but very amply endowed it from his own purse. George Buchanan speaks of his death in 1465 as a great calamity for Scotland: much for that crabbed enemy of clerics to admit. Lindsay





COLLEGE STREET, leading from St. Salvator's College to St. Mary's College.

of Pitscottie eulogised the bishop even more warmly. Kennedy provided for St. Salvator's a provost, a licentiate, a bachelor (lecturer in holy orders), four masters of arts, and six apprentice-teachers. A charter was carefully drawn up defining the respective rights of townsfolk. The first Provost of St. Salvator's was John Althamar, a Scot who threw up a professorship in Paris to assume this post. The University of to-day can still show evidence of Kennedy's rich gifts to it. His tomb in the chapel is a wonderful presentment of mediæval guesses, carved to illustrate lectures by teachers, like the door of Amiens Cathedral. Kennedy founded also the Franciscan monastery of Greyfriars, a mendicant order; Observantines, rigidly keeping St. Francis's injunctions, moving shirtless with bare feet. This monastery, near the junction of our present Bell Street and Market Street, was destroyed by Reformers in 1559. Later, even its renowned well was blocked up with stones. Dundee sent to Greyfriars its most distinguished man, John Wadlock, famed as a mathematician in the reign of James V. Queen Mary was forced to assign the property of this monastery to the town.

We are led to believe, by the golden charter awarded to Kennedy, that James III. was born in St. Andrews Castle.

In honour of James Kennedy, it must further be recorded that he believed his harbour deserved encouragement; so he designed and launched a

"barge" for commerce, the *St. Salvator*, described by Martine as "a vast ship of great burden." It traded across the North Sea successfully, and after its projector's death in 1465 continued to be Castle property till 1472, when it was wrecked at Bamborough, on a voyage from Flanders. Nearly all persons on board were lost, and the cargo was appropriated by England, who ever resisted the claims for damage.

CHAPTER IX

THE PALACE OF ARCHBISHOPS

ABOUT 1466, a rector of the University sharply questioned the right of St. Salvator's College to grant degrees; and the quarrel ended with the renouncing of this privilege by the college. It is in connection with this quarrel that we hear clearly of Patrick Graham, grandson of Robert III., Bishop of St. Andrews, and dignified by the Pope as the diocese's first archbishop, although the throne refused to accept this designation. Yet two years later he was reinforced (1472) in his claim by Pope Sixtus IV. Further, he was named as primate, with the additional title of *legatus a latere* for his successors. This was the highest and most confidential of the three forms of legate, *a latere*, *de latere*, *legatus natus*. The proud dignitary now felt himself freed from interference on the part of English archbishops; but he had to fight down many other enemies: the king, the king's friends, the Boyds, and Shevez, his rival and successor. An archbishop in those days had temporal power. He controlled a temporal chancellor, and through him indirectly judged civil and criminal cases such as might other-

wise have come before the Court of Session. So says Martine. For theft and murder he could impose the penalty of death. As "lord of regality" Graham managed the three great stewardships of Monymusk, St. Andrews, Kirkliston. The St. Andrews regality extended from the Forth to the Tay, and was the largest in the kingdom. By the same suzerainty he issued all licences for the shipping in his ports. Within the *cursus apri* the prelate had power to dismember, or to cancel condemnation of life or limbs. He held three courts annually in the city tolbooth (town hall), on the second Tuesday of January, third of April, and second of October. Whoever gained the freedom of the city had to take this oath: "I promise fealty and loyalty to our sovereign lord the King's grace, and to my lord Archbishop of St. Andrews, lord of the Regality."

An abbey is a religious house of the largest plan; a priory is a smaller institution governed by a prior. Both of these names were used at St. Andrews—more frequently "Priory"; but the presence of the bishop or archbishop places him in superiority over the prior. Apart from servants, at the Reformation the Priory contained thirty-four canons. Graham had been a spender, and, deep in debt, he made himself generally obnoxious by exacting extravagant fees in regard to papal bulls and all matters involving legatine power. The Pope condemned him. He was shorn of his office, and imprisoned in his own castle of St. Andrews under the

charge of his enemy Shevez. He died insane, at Lochleven, under the charge of four keepers.

Shevez (1478), a favourite of James III., turned conspirator against his benefactor. Corruption was becoming a fixed gangrene in the Church, while Shevez complacently gave himself to extension of his reputation on the Continent as an astronomer and astrologer. He withered away, despised by his country, in 1497.

Shevez was followed as archbishop by James Stuart (1497), second son of James II., but a useless though handsome man. Ariosto did him the honour to compliment his appearance in a phrase that has become a cliché:

No form so handsome could men's eyes behold!
For Nature, making him, destroyed the mould.

He was appointed primate at twenty-one by special dispensation. He died at twenty-eight. This prince of the Church was accorded a gorgeous and costly midnight funeral, his body "trussed in wax" and deposited before the high altar of his cathedral.

Another Stuart stepped to the archbishop's throne (1505): Alexander, natural son of James IV. by Mary, daughter of Archibald Boyd of Bonshaw. Erasmus was his tutor, and wrote of him:

I was at one time domesticated with him in the town of Siena, when I instructed him in Greek and Rhetoric. Good Heavens! how quick, how attentive, how per-

severing in his studies! How many things he accomplished! At one and the same time he learned law—not a very agreeable study, on account of its barbarous admixtures, and the irksome verborities of its interpreters:—he heard lectures on rhetoric, and declaimed on a prescribed thesis, exercising alike his pen and his tongue: he learned Greek, and every day construed the part which had been assigned to him, within a given time. In the afternoons he applied himself to music—to the virginals, the flute, or the lute—accompanying them sometimes with his voice. Even at meals he did not intermit his studies. The chaplain always read some useful book, such as the decretals of the popes, or St. Jerome, or St. Ambrose. . . . He was religious without being too superstitious. No king was ever blessed with a more accomplished son.

The entire description by Erasmus has been dear to many scholars, who have thought that in this sprig of the royal stock we have perhaps the only example of a clean-living, persevering, thoroughly upright and promising youth that the annals of the Stuart race have given Scotland in return for its unstinted, unprecedented devotion. The see was only filled by this prodigy after some decent lapse of years, following his appointment when a child. The enthronement took place when he was eighteen. He also became Lord Chancellor, Abbot of Dunfermline, and Prior of Coldingham. Such were the favouritisms that prepared people for a Reformation. This minion of fortune lost his life by the side of his fond father at the battle of Flodden, 1513. A little more than one hundred years ago, while the Exchequer was carrying out

minor repairs in the Cathedral, a skeleton was found in a stone coffin under the high altar; and as its skull had been deeply cleft by a sword, it was surmised to be Stuart's. Alexander Stuart augmented moderately the income of the University, and conveyed the Tarvet church of St. Michael to the college which was soon to be called St. Mary's. During this episcopate, Prior Hepburn in 1512, with encouragement from the king and Archbishop Stuart, founded the College of St. Leonards, amply endowing it with the tithes of a parish similarly named, and with funds formerly supporting the ancient hostelry for pilgrims, no longer frequented. Relics had ceased to draw multitudes of travellers. The hostelry became an asylum for aged women; next, its prestige and money were transferred from the structure at the immediate south-west of the Priory to the college and chapel, on grounds that to-day are mostly occupied by St. Leonards School for Girls. The prior and chapter were patrons of the college, and provided teachers among themselves. The college supported a principal master; four chaplains, two of whom acted as regents; twenty scholars, and as many foundation students as the funds of any particular age might permit. The whole undertaking was designed for really poor seekers of learning, but it attracted richer youths by the thoroughness of its business. Specially it became famous for its faculty of sacred music. The three

charters of the college still exist, and from them we learn that James IV. agreed that the archbishop should assign to the institution property in St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Leith and Haddington; while he called his own son of twenty-two his "most reverend and venerable father in Christ."

Prior Hepburn was a popular candidate for the archbishopric when Flodden rendered it vacant. The Bishop of Moray, Andrew Forman, an ambitious politician, put himself forward, though an unpopular applicant. Gavin Douglas, the learned and virtuous poet, was a third claimant. By help of the queen and the Earl of Angus's soldiers, Douglas held the castle. Hepburn procured forces that regained that palace, and caused the poet to retire from the contest. Soon after, the Regent Duke of Albany committed Douglas to prison in the very castle where he lorded it for a time. The enemies of his family were strong, and they procured the appointment of Forman as archbishop. This Forman had actually held the wealthy archbishopric of Bourges; and it has been supposed that Louis XII. of France gave him this great bribe to secure King James's aid against England. Forman's influence on James, and the influence of the Beaton, quickly led to Flodden Field. Forman, according to Dempster, wrote a treatise against Luther. He died in 1521.

Meanwhile Hepburn resumed his post at the Priory, and built, in apprehension of troubles, a wall that surrounded all the grounds of Priory and

Cathedral. The wall, twenty feet high and furnished with sixteen turrets, extended to the length of a mile and gave shelter also to St. Leonards College: eighteen acres all told were embraced. Note that the wall left the Culdee Church of St. Mary out in the cold. The Reformation soon damaged the wall, and so destroyed the Culdee church (St. Mary's) that it sank in its own ruin and was lost to knowledge till rediscovered in 1860. On the north portion of Hepburn's wall there is a square tower called now the Haunted Tower. About the year 1868 some local archaeologists broke open its door of masonry. They found that skeletons of monks filled the structure, and among them lay the form of a lady, wearing white kid gloves. Most likely this is a hurried happening of some plague time.

A rough wall with an archway, and a defaced Virgin over the arch, runs diagonally from the east of the Cathedral to Hepburn's wall on the north. This is said to have been built by a hot-headed prior, who thus tried to keep the bishop out of bounds. The family motto, "Ad Vitam," marks one of the stones. Thus it is Hepburn's, but probably borrowed from another position. About this point, on the sea side of Hepburn's wall and close to the existing gate, we find traces of an archway that once shut out the public from the Culdee Church.

The priory or abbey had a gateway in the south

connected with a mill and tithe-barns, one near the harbour, and a third and elaborate entrance, called the Pends, at the end of South Street. The original name of the Pends was the Abbey Gate. This edifice still stands, though defaced, with a roadway four feet higher than the original ecclesiastical passage leading to the monastery. This vestibule (the Pends, "street-like enclosure") formed a Pointed fabric seventy-seven feet long, sixteen broad, with four groined spans supporting garrets for janitors in the space between two beautiful arches at the north and south. It will be noticed that one arch on each side of the enclosure is lower than the other arches. Here occurred a cross wall (with door), making the front half of the vestibule into a waiting chamber. Marks of the wall are still clear. The rooms above were reached by a forestair on the west outside. The little arch on the west, for foot-passengers, was inserted in last century, when the Pends was thrown open to large laden vehicles, principally at the instance of Sir David Brewster, who lived in St. Leonards.

Boece, always fantastic, uses many words of praise for Hepburn's achievements. We might conclude that there was nothing in Italy, France or Germany superior to these buildings. The Prior's wall, bearing many repetitions of Hepburn's arms, never proved itself useful, for the Reformation in a few years practically demolished it, scattering to dust the images of saints that adorned its

sea-gazing towers. One of these towers, now nearly concealed in a yard used by the gas works, bears a worn Latin inscription that seems to show that Hepburn's nephew and successor carried out part of this undertaking.

Now we have to consider briefly two archbishops who occupied their castle with a princely zest, but bore themselves according to the unscrupulous tactics of an age when the spring tides of feudalism dashed round their walls. James Beaton and his nephew David are fascinating figures in the romance of the Stuart kings' struggle to bolster up a luxury-eaten Church against the Lutheranism imported by Scots zealots, who dreamed along old Hebrew lines, searching for a City of God as unlike Rome as human hate could fashion it. The zealots had much right on their side. The Beatons had brains equal to the best which their foes could summon to the battle: and they fought against the Reformation with the Papacy's resources at their back.

James Beaton (Bethune), sixth son of James Bethune of Balfour in Fife, took his degree at St. Andrews as master in 1493. He rapidly rose in clerical preferment, became Archbishop of Glasgow in 1509, and Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate in 1522. During the royal minority Beaton was a regent, and made it his business to foment an exhausting feud for power between Douglasses and Hamiltons. Bishop Douglas of Dunkeld appealed to him for intervention. Beaton replied that he was

powerless, and in so saying he struck his right hand to his heart, so that the ringing of steel sounded under his vestments. "Methinks," retorted this Black Douglas, "your lordship's conscience clatters." Beaton presently fled before the Douglasses to take sanctuary at the altar of the Greyfriars Church, and it was only a punctilio on the part of the Bishop of Dunkeld that saved him from being murdered even at that refuge. The English Ambassador had to admit this fugitive's genius, and reported of him that he was "the greatest man both of lands and experience within this realm, and noted to be very crafty and dissimulating." Foe to England and Angus, Beaton moved heaven and earth to make a still closer friendship between Scotland and France, working through his nephew and through Albany, both much employed in the latter country. He also pursued bitterly a long feud, about supremacy, with the Archbishop of Glasgow, and consolidated his position as Primate. To repress Reformers, he burnt Patrick Hamilton, lay-abbot of Fern in Ross, a convert to Lutheranism. This early Scottish martyr suffered at the stake in St. Andrews, 1528. The effect of this execution upon the people of Scotland was so adverse to the Church that a cynical friend bade the archbishop burn his next heretics in some cellar of the castle, for "the smoke of Mr. Patrick Hamilton had infected as many as it blew upon." But ere long Beaton openly roasted another heretic at St. Andrews,



HAUNTED TOWER, *in Hepburn's Wall; and St. Rule's.*

Henry Forest. And at St. Andrews the archbishop died in 1539.

James Beaton, in spite of self-seeking, indignantly refused the offer of Henry VIII. to ensure his being made a cardinal if he would favour England in certain regards. He procured a papal bull by which the theological college of St. Mary's was adequately enlarged and endowed, the changes, however, being loosely carried out by David, the cardinal.

The Cathedral chapter had now, after long protesting, lost the power to elect its own superiors. The Pope generally chose, but with likelihood that the king would nullify the appointment unless he approved that choice.

The King of Scotland in 1537 married Magdalene, daughter of Francis I. This Queen died soon. It was by the intrigues of the Archbishop James and his nephew David that handsome Mary of Guise came to James V. as his second wife. She was daughter of the Duke of Guise and widow of the Duke of Longueville. Lindsay of Pitcottie's description of Mary's early days at St. Andrews is worth quoting.

The queen landed in Scotland, at a place called Fifeness, near Balcomy, where she remained till horse came to her. But the king was in St. Andrews, waiting upon her homecoming. Then he, seeing that she was landed in such a part, rode forth himself to meet her, with the whole lords, spiritual and temporal, with many barons, lairds, and gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St. Andrews

in their best array; and received the queen with great honours, and plays made to her. And first, she was received at the New Abbey Gate [probably the gate in the abbey wall near the Cottage Hospital], upon the east side whereof was made to her a triumphant arch by Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, lyon-herald, which caused a great cloud come out of the heavens above the gate, and open instantly, and there appeared a fair lady, most like an angel, having the keys of Scotland in her hands, and delivered them to the queen, in sign and token that all the hearts of Scotland were open to receive her grace; with certain orations made by the said Sir David Lyndsay to the queen, instructing her to serve her God, obey her husband, and keep her body clean, according to God's will and commandments.

This being done, the queen was received into her palace, which was called the New Inn, which was well decored against her coming. Also the bishops, abbots, priors, monks, friars, and canons-regular, made great solemnity in the kirk with masses, songs, and playing of the organs. The king received the queen in his palace to dinner, where was great mirth all day till time of supper.

On the morn, the queen passed through the town. She saw the Black-friars, the Grey-friars, the old college and the new college, and St. Leonards; she saw the provost of the town, and honest burgesses. But when the queen came to her palace and met with the king, she confessed unto him that she never saw in France, nor in any other country, so many good faces in so little room as she saw that day in Scotland. For she said, it was shown unto her in France that Scotland was but a barbarous country, destitute and void of all good commodities that used to be in other countries; but now she confessed she saw the contrary; for she never saw so many fair personages of men, women, young babes and children, as she saw that day. At the words of the queen, the king greatly rejoiced, and said to her, "Forsooth, madam, you shall see better,

please God: ere ye go through Scotland, you shall see many good-like men and women, and other commodities that will be to your contentment." Then the king remained in St. Andrews the space of forty days, with great merriness and game, as jesting, running at the lists, archery, hunting, hawking, with singing, and dancing in maskery, and playing, and all other princely game, according to a king and a queen.

James, after his marriage in the Cathedral, passed to Falkland. Mary remained in St. Andrews for a year, and there bore a son. Next year she bore a second son. Both children died early, and one of them was buried (many believe) at St. Andrews.

David Beaton (or Bethune), nephew of Archbishop James Bethune, was son of John Bethune of Balfour. He studied in the universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow and Paris, held the rectory of Campsie, was named Abbot of Arbroath while still a youth, was consecrated Bishop of Mirepoix, and was presented in 1538 by Pope Paul III. with a cardinal's hat. Beaton was then forty-six. He had constantly counselled the Scots throne to oppose alike English and German and Swiss and Dutch critics of the Church. David Beaton's life abroad had virtually been that of an ambassador at the French court, and when he succeeded his uncle James as Primate at St. Andrews, and also became Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor, and Legate, he seemed a kind of monarch. He it was who had arranged for James V. his first marriage; and when that brief connection was ended, it was Beaton who chiefly negotiated details for the second spousal—

with Mary of Guise. Beaton prevented James V. from entertaining any of King Henry's overtures towards Protestantism. The Beaton tribe were as ardently Catholic Guises as Queen Mary herself. Indeed, Mary was inclined to mediate counsels that the Beatons would do nothing to favour. On James's death in 1542, the archbishop produced a document (by his enemies pronounced a forgery) purporting to be James's appointment of himself (Beaton) and the Earls of Huntly, Argyle and Arran as regents for the infant Queen Mary. A meeting of the estates proclaimed Arran sole governor. Beaton was put under arrest in St. Andrews Castle (some say by his own arrangement, lest he should be kidnapped as a captive for Henry VIII., who desired his blood). Lord Seaton, a friend, became his nominal keeper, but soon connived at his escape. Nevertheless, Henry and the Scottish Reformers began to gather power. A Reforming governor was placed over St. Andrews Castle. Scotland made two treaties with Henry, whose son Edward became affianced to the child Mary, that most hapless of all human stakes, played for perennially by political gamesters, her every breath their mercery. No sooner did Beaton secure liberty for himself than he gathered a faction that snatched the queen and her mother from Linlithgow to Stirling Castle. The treaties with England were abrogated: Henry sent an army into Scotland, with special instructions to seize the cardinal and beat to pieces the castle which

that prelate had enormously fortified. An English fleet sailed up the Forth. Beaton fled.

This man had a genius for persecution, in an age when men of all factions loved that art. George Wishart was a popular, earnest preacher of Lutheran doctrines, and he and Beaton hated each other. It is now established that, however pious he was, Wishart thought it part of his duty to be a political agent for Henry against the Primate of Scotland. He was upheld by Scottish noblemen, many of them concerned chiefly about aggrandising themselves in wealth and power. Never had Scotland a more undignified nobility. The Earl of Bothwell caught Wishart, who was tried, as a spy and a heretic, in St. Andrews Cathedral, and burnt in front of St. Andrews Castle—the cardinal, seated at a window, watching as if at a play. But the window commonly pointed out as used on this occasion seems to have been part of the construction raised by Beaton's successor, Hamilton. The victim, greatly beloved and mourned as a well-instructed guide among those who were sick of Papacy, predicted his own fate for his persecutor. John Leslie, brother to the Earl of Rothes, witnessed the sacrifice and swore that his whinger and hand should act as "priests to the cardinal." Leslie and his nephew Norman and Kirkaldy of Grange (John Knox being of the assassins' faction) gained secret access to the castle, murdered the cardinal, and possessed themselves of the castle, 29th May, 1546. For the

best account of this drama readers should turn to Froude's tremendous chapter. Beaton's salted body lay nine months in the castle's sea tower, then was buried without pomp in the city's Blackfriars' Monastery. He left illegitimate children as the result of wide-spread amours. So perhaps somebody loved the man whose memory nobody loves. This archbishop was a strong example of the proud priestly aristocrat who thought pope and king, and their favour, the only ideals worth living for. Beaton was no worse in morals than his king, or the pope under whom he was born (Alexander VI.) and the pope under whom he died (Paul III.), nor was he a whit more lecherous than Henry VIII.

Now the actors of this wickedness being declared rebels, they resolve to maintain the castle, out of which (as is said) they had thrust all that belonged to the Cardinal; only, they detain Lord John Hamilton, the Governor's son, who by accident was there that night, and kept him prisoner. In end the Governor raises a competent force and besieges the house, and batters the walls with cannon; but at the end of three months (all this time being winter) he was forced to dissolve his men, and return to Edinburgh to keep a parliament, in February, 1547. The history says that these within the castle, being now free from the siege, breaks out, and in a hostile way overruns the whole country, drives in cattle, and brings in corns, and with fire and sword kills and destroys those whom they esteemed there unfriends. They ravish women, gives themselves over to whoredom, drinking, and all sorts of licentiousness.

Having settled themselves in garrison, they take in John Rouch, a reformed preacher, and admits him to be minister of the garrison. He gladly accepted the charge;



BLACKFRIARS' MONASTERY, from Madras College.

and for their further instruction he brings in John Knox, whom he knew to be of a violent spirit. This man likewise embraces this society willingly; and within a little time he so moulded the affections of the garrison, that they rejected Rouch and gave him both a call and admission, by shaking of hands; and by this admission he practised the function of ministry all his lifetime [Abbotsford Club Edition of Lord Herreris's *Historical Memoirs of Mary* (1656)].

Herreris was a Catholic. Herreris has been laughed at by some for here showing ignorance of the Presbyterian "laying on of hands." We know that at the ceremony Rouch pronounced a benediction on his friend, and if those critics will have it that the castle rabble conveyed sanctity to the new minister by a laying on of their murderous hands, they show strange taste and strange judgment of probabilities.

Knox connived at this assassination, writing a "merry" account of this "godley act." The martyrologist Foxe lays it down that "the murderers were stirred up by the Lord to murder the archbishop in his bed." Calderwood writes, "The cardinal intended further [mischief] if the Lord had not stirred up some men of courage to cut him off in time." Tytler has proved that John Knox later joined with Queen Elizabeth, Morton, Murray, Argyle and others in careful preparation for the murder of Rizzio, on the plea that the Italian was working to restore Papacy in Scotland. We have to note those tokens of the prevalent ideas about such violence when we judge any side against another in Church war of the

sixteenth century. As to treatment of heretics, though both sides were cruel enough, Scotland was generously mild compared with the Continent. But Scotland's superstition against wizardry was a dark blot, and the Witches' Pool at St. Andrews commemorates it. Scotland killed fully four thousand "witches."

Those whom curiosity impels to pace the courtyard of the castle of so many unseemly fights may wish to be informed that the chapel, on the south side, had two staircases leading to it. One of these stairs passed upwards to rooms above the chapel. This same staircase must have projected beyond the castle wall. Traces of it exist, and they strengthen the belief that there was a strip of green sward between the fortress and the tide. In a drawing of the sixteenth century we find the upper portion of the chapel lit by three windows.

Two incidents from the time of this Beaton will here, better than longer disquisitions, bring before us the tasks archbishops set themselves to accomplish, and the mixed motives that classed themselves under the general name of religion; royalties and their satellites being as eager to exploit the convictions of Reformers as they had earlier been to seek their own ends in the shade of Papacy. Spottiswood records that:

The first act of the cardinal after his promotion to the see of St. Andrews, did show what an enemy he would be to those who were at that time called heretics; for he was

not well warmed in his seat, when, to make his greatness seen, he brought to St. Andrews the Earls of Huntly, Arran, Marshal and Montrose; the Lords Fleming, Lindsay, Erskine, Somerville, Torphichen, and Seaton, with divers others, barons and men of rank. There came thither also Gawin, Archbishop of Glasgow, chancellor; the Bishops of Aberdeen, Galloway, Brechin, and Dumblane; the Abbots of Melrose, Dunfermline, Culross, Paisley, Lindores, and Kinlosie, with a number of deans and doctors of theologie.

Among these were Alexander Balfour, vicar of Kilmany and rector of the University; John Wynram, subprior; John Annand and Thomas Cunningham, canons-regular of St. Andrews; John Major, author of the *De Gestis Scotorum*; John Tulidaffe, warden of the Franciscan, and John Thomson, prior of the Dominican monastery.

And they all having convened in the cathedral church, the cardinal, sitting on a chair erected somewhat above the rest, began to expose the dangers wherein the Catholic faith stood, by the increase of heretics, and the boldness they took to profess their opinions openly, even in the king's court, where, he said, they found too great countenance.

James V. died of the disgrace of Solway's battle (1542); and it led many of Scotland's defeated chiefs into the hands of Henry, who held them in bondage as hostages to England. Among them were the Earls of Glencairn and Cassillis, the Lords Maxwell, Somerville, Gray, Oliphant, and a number of the gentry. These men undertook, in return for freedom and pensions, to join with the Earl of

Angus and Sir George Douglas (whose house, Dean's Court, still remains at St. Andrews) in forwarding Henry's views about a change of religion and a marriage for his son with Mary. Henry was to have charge of Mary's person, to be put in possession of Scotland's chief fortresses, and to be entitled "Protector of Scotland," with power to appoint a regent of that land. These unworthy Scots, on their meeting together for organisation, found patriots and Churchmen suspicious of Henry and so prepared for battle that they persuaded Arran, the weak-minded governor, to imprison Beaton, first, in his own castle, and later, within the walls of Blackness. Meanwhile, they dared not whisper out their scheme. From his dungeon at Blackness, Beaton ordered all Church services to be discontinued, including Sacrament and burial of the dead. Then Arran arranged milder terms, and imprisoned the head of Scotland's Church under Lord Seaton at St. Andrews, who allowed him to escape. The archbishop presided at a large gathering of the nobility, when all of those present pledged private fortunes and Church plate to maintain their form of religion and to defeat the Scottish vassals of the English king. This was a phase in the history of Reformation which gives critics of all types food for sad thoughts about Scotland's honour. Arran resigned connection with the renegades, abjured from Protestantism, and sent his eldest son, as pledge of reconciliation, to live with the archbishop in St.

Andrews Castle. Sadler's *State Papers* inform us, through Sir George Douglas—generally a traitor—about the doings at Blackness in January 1543. Eight months after his rigorous imprisonment there, Beaton was “master of the governor himself, custodian of the infant queen’s person, and the most powerful man in the kingdom.” If ever noblemen behaved so ignobly as to discourage true reform in the land they were willing to betray to a foreign king, these bribed earls and lords deserve the execration in which their countrymen hold them for ever.

A heavy task awaited the next archbishop, John Hamilton, the dissolute half-brother of the Earl of Arran, and natural son of King James. He had been translated from the see of Dunkeld.

Leslie and his band held St. Andrews Castle. To support them there, Henry VIII. sent them plenty of money, military stores, food, and six war vessels commanded by Admiral Tyrrell. Arran, although the insurgents held his eldest son a captive there, gathered a besieging army. There had been talk of Arran’s getting this son married to Queen Mary; hence the youth’s captivity. Yet Arran the governor proclaimed those who now held the fortress guilty of high treason, forfeited their estates, and composedly laid the siege. After four months, the besieged, while still detaining Arran’s son, promised to resign the castle if the Pope sent full pardon for the cardinal’s removal. Those who offered this condition were in a strong position,

for the cardinal himself had fortified this building in every possible method, although a guard's morning carelessness did betray it. No acceptably full pardon arrived. Henry VIII. died. Protector Somerset made a treaty with those in the fortress that their chiefs should be heavily pensioned and the others (120 men) should receive half-yearly pay. But the other part of the pact was that the castle should be delivered to the English, and the defenders would go forth to push the marriage between Edward and Mary. At Easter, 1547, John Knox stole into the castle as a friend, with three pupils, sons of lairds. Knox was persuaded in the castle to accept a "call" from the conspirators and many of the townfolk to become the lawful minister of St. Andrews. The inchoate state of authority was so pronounced in the city, that by virtue of this irregular appointment he preached a "Man of Sin" sermon in the church, and produced forthwith such a riot that the subprior had work to separate Knox and a friar who spoke against his doctrine. The clergy of the Cathedral and the University arranged to supply the pulpit in future from their own ranks. Then Knox preached in the Cathedral on week-days for several months—after he and many nobles had signed the Covenant—and once he administered the Sacrament.

In the meantime, the French had perfected their arrangements for relief of the castle. In the summer of 1547, twenty-one French galleys appeared in the

bay, commanded by a warrior monk, Leon Stronzius, a prior of Capua. Friends of the besieged mounted cannon on the church steeple and "on the walls of the abbey kirk," and then they put an embargo upon free intercourse between Arran and this fleet. Nevertheless Stronzius or "Strozzi" won, almost at once, having thoroughly broken the castle walls with his guns. The governor subsequently demolished the castle itself, after the French sailors had gutted it of spoil. "They tuke the auld and young Lairds of Grange, Normound Leslie, the Laird of Pitmillie, Mr. Henry Balnevis, and John Knox, with mony utheris, to the number of sex score persones and caryit them all away to France; and tuke the spoilze of the said castell, quilk was worth 100,000 pundis, and tuke down the hous." So the *Diurnal of Occurrents*. Knox was condemned to row as a galley-slave. When Henry VIII. was dead, St. Andrews Castle destroyed, its Protestant garrison chained in the galleys, well might the enemies of zeal chant with bitter smiles:

Preastis content yow now; Preastis content yow now;
For Norman and his cumpany hes filled the galayis fow.

Knox stoically accepted his experience in the galleys without a murmur, and was philosopher enough even to write a theological treatise while a captive. In 1559 Knox, released, was at St. Andrews for several months. It was then that he delivered the eager sermon that Wilkie used as a

subject for a historic picture. In August a French force of one thousand men arrived at Leith, and as they were accompanied by their wives and children, it was supposed that thus a general occupation of the country had begun. Eight hundred further French troops soon arrived—and the Bishop of Amiens and three doctors of the Sorbonne, to counteract Protestant preaching. Could Knox's following easily be expected to tolerate this high-handed foreign aggression?

Strozzi had been contemptuous of Arran. "Where were your wits, when you did not man the steeples and the walls with your own guns?" The incompetence of Arran in directing the land siege is illustrated by a paragraph from Jean de Beaugué's *Histoire de la Guerre d'Ecosse* published at Paris in 1556:

St. Andrews is situated on the sea-shore, and used to be one of the best towns in Scotland. It has the disadvantage of two drawbacks, however; neither its harbour nor its roads are safe, and it cannot be fortified because it is nearly as large as Turin. Moreover, there is no commodious place for a citadel which would not risk much damage to the abbey, the seat of the archbishop of all the province of Fife, and a very large and beautiful structure. So true is this, that the Castle which formerly stood there and was in great part destroyed by the late Prior of Capua, was commanded not only by the said abbey, but even by the whole town.

There is nothing in the fairly long period during which Turkish pirates dominated Severn from Lundy



DEAN'S COURT, Roundel, and Ponds.

Island to compare with the priestly enterprise with which this soldier from Italy in a few days obtained mastery over the strongest sea castle in the east of Scotland.

But fortunes changed. The English had the better of Scotland at Pinkie, and overran the land (1548). They captured Broughty Castle on the Tay, and so harried all Fife that the Prior of St. Andrews (with many nobles who favoured the English cause, but not this conduct of a bandit war) fought the Southerners by land and sea.

During these doings Archbishop Hamilton occupied himself in finishing St. Mary's College and providing it with sumptuous revenues—most of them fated to be swallowed in seven years by the Revolution. In Hamilton's time that college had four chief professors, called Provost, Licentiate, Bachelor, Canonist; eight teaching "students of theology"; three professors of philosophy and two of rhetoric and grammar; five vicars-pensionary, sixteen students of philosophy; a provisor, cook, and janitor. When the storm burst, the bulk of the staff and students at St. Mary's and St. Leonards went over to the new form of faith. The professors of St. Salvator's remained Catholic, and resigned. The archbishop voluntarily called a council in 1549, at which it was sadly admitted that clouds were gathering because of "the corruption and lewdness of the clergy of almost every degree, and their ignorance of arts and sciences." Hamilton, it is

to be feared, was hardly the fittest man to rebuke the clergy about loose morals. The city of St. Andrews, however, about this time printed a godly catechism drawn up by the archbishop.

In June of 1559 this archbishop was able to survey a fully-equipped cathedral, thirty or forty chaplains of private altarages, an Augustinian priory in possession of prior, subprior and thirty-four canons, the provost and twelve prebendaries of Kirkheugh, the friars of the Dominican and Franciscan monasteries, and the teaching clergy of the three colleges. In 1560 all this pageant of priests had been broken up, and a new authority was imposed as sole ecclesiastic in charge of St. Andrews—the Reverend Christopher Goodman, a minister of English orders who had become the friend of Knox in Geneva. Goodman helped in composing the Kirk of Scotland's *Book of Common Order*, issued and adopted in 1564. With this adoption ended Scotland's makeshift employment of the English Prayer Book. Hamilton was to die at Stirling by the common hangman in 1571.

The University in the previous year had ceased to be Catholic. But the advantage of a university was warmly upheld in the *Book of Discipline* by the Congregation. No "rascal band" destroyed any buildings of pure learning. Learning was carried forward smoothly, although the separated endowments of the colleges suffered. But formerly the University had governed itself. After 1560 both

State and Church harassed it with frequent Commissions of Inquiry. The first of these, ineffectual, was held in 1563: "Mr. George Buchanan's Opinion anent the reformation of the University of St. Andrews." The Regent Moray had appointed Buchanan Principal of St. Leonards College in 1566 (probably through favour of Mary).

In 1552 the famous physician and magician, Cardan, had been drawn from Milan to the primate's aid for weakness of body. Strange traditions come down to us of Cardan's prescriptions and of the blunt advice he gave the too gallant ecclesiastic. The Reformers dubbed him "a pestilent prelate with his shavelings," and called themselves the only true Church of God under the title of "The Congregation of Christ." Practically the times were anarchical, full of sad conduct on both sides. The archbishop, hearing that an aged priest, Walter Myln or Mill, had given his adhesion to the new doctrines, burnt him at St. Andrews in 1558. In the following year the men of these new doctrines replied by defacing if not destroying the cathedral and the monasteries. But such a book as this must deny itself the right to enter into details of the theology of this deplorable time. The book's object is to give a mere outline of the evolution which the ruins of this city speak of when they are interrogated. Never was history more compressed into a sermon in stones than in this city, for those who care to meditate the singular message: especially the debates which

seem still to go on between the sweet treble of St. Rule's and the husky mutter from a castle that never accomplished any noble thing and still seems sulkily to incarnadine the waters of the bay.

The Council of Trent was sitting during the three years when John Knox said his prayers as a galley-slave. Then he was released, to become an Anglican minister at Berwick and Newcastle. His two sons were brought up to fill similar Anglican posts. Knox declined an English bishopric. On a visit to Geneva, he quarrelled with other British visitors, and condemned the liturgy of Edward VI. There were several visits to Geneva. Knox reached Scotland in May of the year 1559. In that year Archbishop Hamilton assembled soldiers to prevent Knox from carrying out his threat that he would preach in the Cathedral itself on the eleventh of June. But Knox did preach there, on the eleventh and three following days. Hamilton fled to Queen Mary at Falkland Palace, eighteen miles distant. Revolution was in the air—almost more than Reformation. McCrie has it that

Such was the influence of Knox's doctrine, that the provost, bailies and inhabitants of St. Andrews harmoniously agreed to set up the reformed worship in the town; the church was stripped of its images and pictures, and the monasteries pulled down.

Scotland's queen, then dwelling so nigh, was not consulted, or, seemingly, considered. In the following year the chiefs of the Protestant move-



HARBOUR TOWER, in *Prior Hepburn's Wall*.

ment—again ignoring the queen—passed an “act” for “demolishing cloysters and abbey churches, such as were not yet pulled down.” Spottiswood gives us the immediate result:

Whereupon ensued a pitiful vastation of churches and church buildings, throughout all parts of the kingdom, for every one made bold to put to his hands; the meaner sort imitating the example of the greater. No difference was made. . . . The holy vessels and whatsoever else they could make gain of, as timber, lead, and bells, were put to sale.

Our Cathedral and part of St. Regulus Church endured their share of this rapine. Iona also. And the church libraries were burnt right and left in the land, and thus perished acts of national and diocesan council, and all sorts of precious chronicles.

The last Scottish martyr for religion, Myln, already mentioned, was burnt right in front of the Pends, by order of Archbishop Hamilton and other prelates, in April 1558. So says Lyon. Dr. Hay Fleming holds by another tradition that indicates the spot for the sacrifice as a little nearer the sea. When Myln had been carried to the foot of the scaffold he was bidden to climb. “Nay,” he replied, “but if thou wilt put me up with thy hand, and take part of my death, thou shalt see me pass up gladly; for by the law of God I am forbidden to put hands upon myself.” He was assisted up, chanting “Introibo ad altare Dei.” The end of his short dying speech was as follows: “As you will

escape the eternal death, be no more seduced with the lies of monks, priests, friars, priors, abbots, bishops and the rest of the sect of Antichrist, but depend only upon Jesus Christ and His mercy, that ye may be delivered from condemnation." The citizens, as a mark of respect, created a pile of stones on the spot of the martyrdom. As many times (for a long period) as the priests carried away these stones, they were replaced.

In the autumn of 1559, a French army of four thousand men marched from Stirling to take St. Andrews, but was held in check there by a fleet from England. In 1560 the primate and his brother bishops perforce attended a parliament in Edinburgh gathered without royal sanction, and this meeting carried a decree that the Papacy was at an end so far as Scotland was concerned, and public Mass was strictly forbidden.

Hume Brown sums up fairly the calls for Reformation:

Immorality;

Unscrupulous distribution of benefices and other dignities to incompetent persons;

Excessive size of parishes;

Abused wealth;

Decay of zeal in Franciscans and Augustinians;

Harshness against Lollards;

Wishart's execution;

Impetus from Luther.

John Major, as usual, hits a nail fearlessly on the head when he girds at the influence of worldly men

like the queen's brother Moray, who waxed fat by care, and by trimming resigned his birthright of spirit to become a feigning Knoxite, while reserving all his many emoluments such as the Priory of St. Andrews:

An Abbot once grown wealthy has to find sustenance for a disorderly court of followers—an evil example to the religious; and not seldom, bidding farewell to the cloister, makes for the court.

Like Major, Sir David Lyndsay, born in 1490, a gentleman and accomplished courtier, noted every item of this corruption, lashed it all, preserved himself upright, and only escaped persecution by hiding his thought, like Rabelais, in films of jest. Hume Brown regards Lyndsay as second only to Knox in influence towards Protestantism. He worked rather as an upright man of the world than as a theologian. Not only Luther and Calvin, but Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, spoke to their opponents in rough language that would from writers of to-day be regarded as in the worst taste. Yet we must remember how Knox was goaded by circumstances. He had to keep up the fighting courage of his followers, say, on his second approach towards them at Dieppe. Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer were in prison, Sir Thomas Wyatt had just been executed; English Mary's imminent marriage with Philip of Spain meant Popery again for her country; and in Scotland the hand of Catholic

Guises was soon at work. There was little time for courtesies! He had to fight down Mary of Guise and keep her child, from the first year of her reign, with democracy like a sort of bit between her teeth.

If God raise up any noble heart to vindicate the liberty of His country, and to suppress the monstrous empire of Women, let all such as shall presume to defend them on the same most certainly know that in so doing they lift their hand against God, and that one day they shall find His power to fight against foolishness.

CHAPTER X

A PATCHWORK OF CITY LIFE

EVEN at the point of time when Queen Mary was born, Scotland did not regard towns and cities as anything more than necessary evils, chiefly connected with shipping and shopkeeping. The total of town populations probably fell short of country population. The country-folk liked association with the soil and the sea, and with their feudal lords, who treated them more affectionately than the seigneurie treated France's peasantry. John Knox said to Bothwell:

To this hour it hath not channed me to speik with your Lordship face to face, yit have I borne a good mynde to your house; and have bene sorry at my heart of the trouble that I have heard you to be involved in. For, my lord, my grandfather, goodsher [maternal grandfather], and father have served your Lordshipis predecessoris, and some of thame have died under their standartis; and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kyndnes.

Scots lords naturally felt safe in their castles, and unprotected in towns. An Earl of Douglas remarked that he preferred the lark's song to the mouse's squeak.

Looking out, then, from any pinnacled town in

the north, visitors would note that the forests of David I.'s time had disappeared, except round royal palaces, though marshes had increased. Sir Anthony Weldon, an Englishman, declared that in Scotland Judas would not have been able to find a tree whereon to hang himself, and when Denmark prohibited the exportation of oak to Scotland, house-building nearly came to an end. The soil cultivated to-day was cultivated then, and foreigners were astonished to mark that even strips of rocky hillside were forced to obey the plough. Corn and barley and various forms of peas fed the folk—with ample fish and scant flesh. Hector Boece naïvely remarks that "the common meit of our eldaris was fische; nocht for the plentie of it, but rather because their landis lay oftymes waist, throw continewal exercition of chivalry." Salt and coal were, with hides, the staple of exportation. Von Wedel, a Pomeranian noble, writes in 1584: "The villages look very poor, the houses having stone walls not as high as a man, upon which the roofs are erected and covered with sod." A French physician, about 1551, relates: "The country is but poor in gold and silver, but plentiful in provisions, which are as cheap as in any part of the world." The peasants, we are told, made their houses of sticks and dirt (those houses never belonged outright to them), and a sheep might be seen browsing on a roof here and there, but the inhabitants "fare commonly so well as the king."

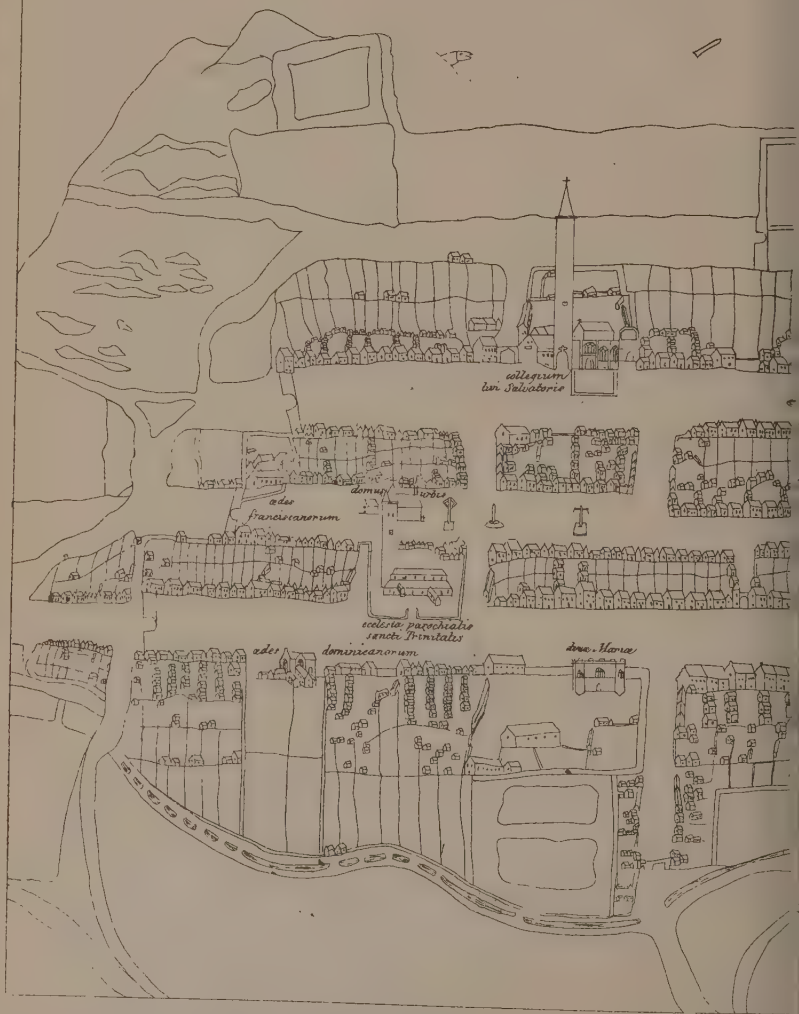


OLD FASHIONED HOME, *behind 92 South Street.*

Ayala, Spanish ambassador to James IV., says of town houses (though he is perhaps too complimentary), "the houses are good, all built of hewn stone and provided with excellent doors, glass windows, and a great number of chimneys. All the furniture that is used in Italy, Spain and France, is to be found in their dwellings. It has not been bought in modern times only, but inherited from preceding ages." Foreigners marvelled at the lavish use of coal for fires, instead of wood. On the other hand, Æneas Sylvius is of opinion that a royal palace in this country was not comparable in comfort and luxury to the houses of a Nuremburg citizen. We are by another visitor told that Dundee was "one of the finest towns in Scotland." St. Andrews similarly, "one of the best." In Mary's reign St. Andrews is reported next to Edinburgh in importance and beauty. But Bishop Leslie informs us that, although St. Andrews is "the chief and mother city of the realm," Dundee excels it in wealth. To cover the expenses of James's marriage to Mary of Guise, Edinburgh contributed £2250; Dundee, £1265; Aberdeen, £945; Perth, £742; St. Andrews, £300; Glasgow, £202. In regard to ordinary taxation, a fifth of income was usually paid by burghs towards national expenditure. Roads and bridges were few. To make or repair such comforts was looked upon as religious self-sacrifice equal to pilgrimages, and it was permissible to work for these objects on Sundays.

Strangers got little but chopped chickens to eat at the change-houses, and had to send their horses to a stabler, who fed them on straw, "for grass is not to be had, and hay so much a stranger to them that they are scarce familiar with the name of it." Yet travellers were by law debarred from becoming guests at castles or cottages or burghers' houses or anywhere but the change-houses, unless they were messengers bearing large sums of money. Wayfarers had to conceal inquisitiveness, as curiosity might lead to their having stones or mud thrown at them. Gambling went on in the churchyards during sermon, and on the same occasion pedlars at the church door chattered over their small wares among the strayed worshippers from the country. It was no uncommon thing for a clergyman to keep a tap. Beggars on horseback and violent "sorners" abounded, and payment to all applying for alms was part of the regular calculation for a journey. And beggars of all sorts in Scotland at this epoch were stated by Fletcher of Saltoun to number two hundred thousand. Freebooters, in spite of all the councils' efforts, plied their sea-trade recklessly. Other dangers abounded. Every baron was ordered by the crown to gather his followers at the proper season and chase and kill the whelps of wolves.

It was in the towns, naturally, that economic and religious ferment brewed change of outlook on human destiny. Several times in another of



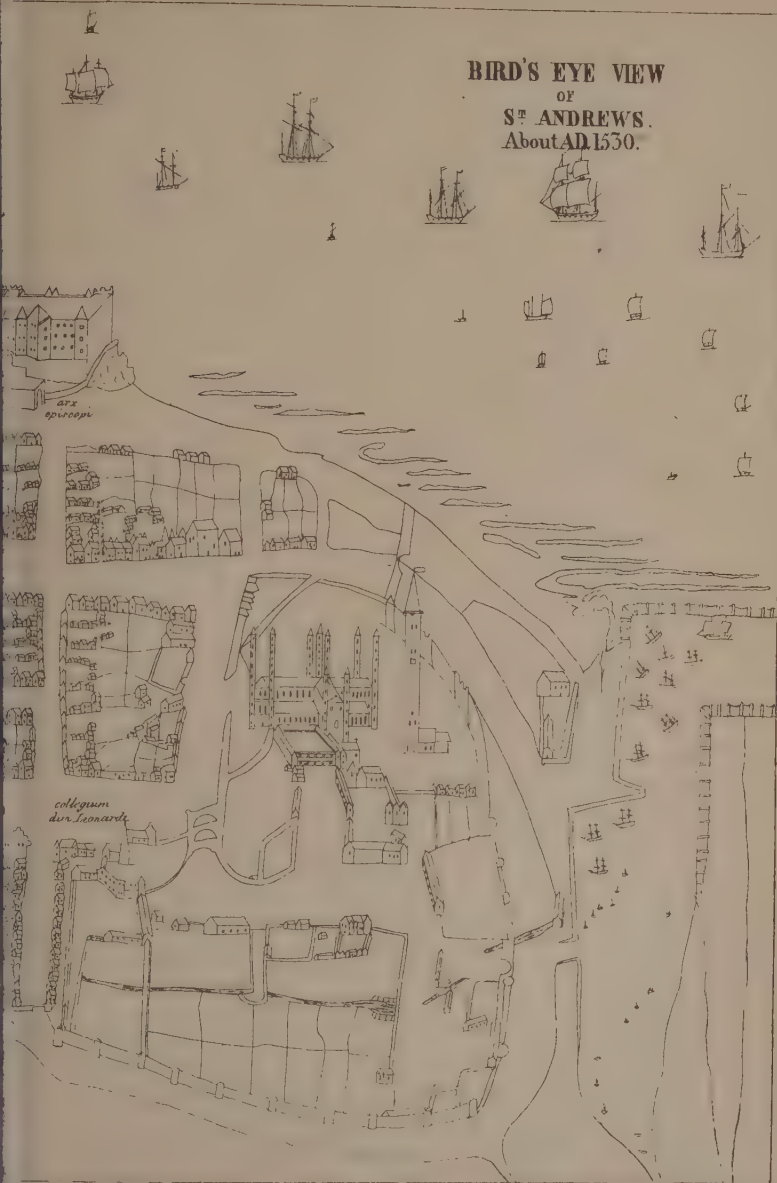
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ST. ANDREW'S, about A.D. 1530.

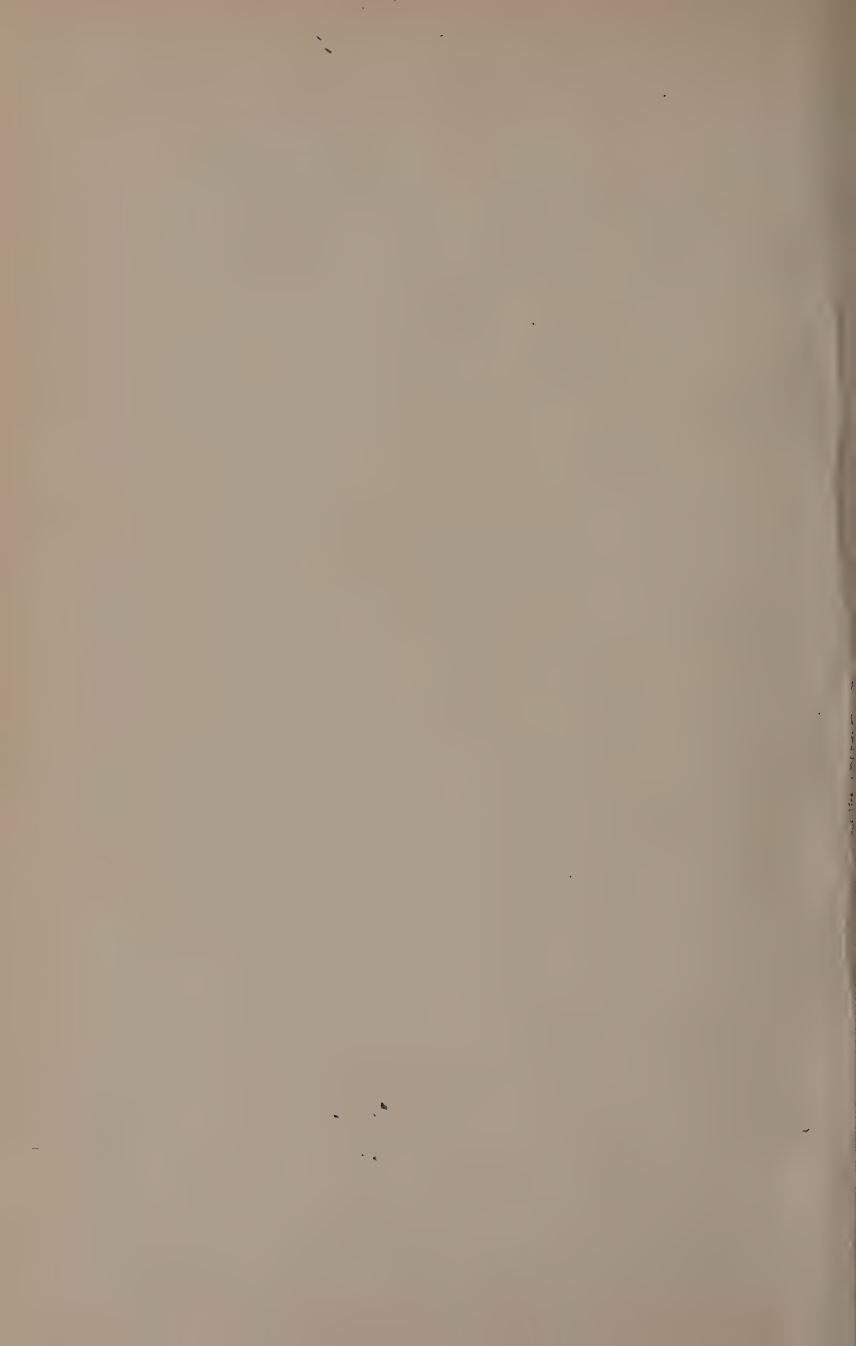
BIRD'S EYE VIEW

OF

ST ANDREW'S.

About AD 1530.





our chapters there has been mention of the Cursus Apri or Boar's Chase. Town and country had to turn out against the terrific boar that in a forgotten age carried destruction among Fife's cattle. The tusks of this huge boar were fixed with chains to the altar of St. Regulus, and later to the Cathedral's grand altar. Their effigy in carved wood may now be inspected at the Town Hall, where also may be seen a long-used headsman's axe that served the city in extremes. Although later in St. Andrews' story, it is worth noting that the city had a good printing shop about Queen Mary's time. In 1554 Sir David Lyndsay brought forth, with the imprint of "Copenhagen," *Ane dialog off the miserabyll estait of the world*; but it has been proved that the book proceeded from the St. Andrews press, as did the same author's *Dream*, *The Complaynt of the King's Papingo*, and *The Tragedie of Cardinal Beaton*, all three in 1559.

Reaching the city by West Gate or by South Gate or by Sea Gate, the goods of all merchants would, principally for the sake of the State tax, be strictly inspected and then weighed by the "tron," or Customs authorities. There were no city walls to keep out either merchants or marauders. John Major proudly declares that this was because, every burgher being a trained soldier, the inhabitants could rush out more freely to defend themselves; but the real reason was that high and thick walls were too costly. The Tolbooth, or Town Hall, in

Market Street, a double-storied building west of the Mercat Cross, near the entrance to College Street, formed the home of burghal discussion and elementary police strategy. It was fortunate for St. Andrews that its three main streets were designed as singularly wide thoroughfares. Even at this day their spaciousness is handsome, and makes them in summer evenings benign recreation-spaces for groups of franchised children, who even play correct golf in North Street, with lamp-posts for holes, clubs cut from trees, and balls fashioned out of wine corks—furnished from hotels. These two latter traditions go “far ben.” In the early times the houses usually showed the living-rooms to be on the second floor, and these floors were approached by “forestairs” that projected considerably into the street. As pigs and “bestial” freely claimed the causeway, and the lower stories of the houses were sheds or dens for work, dirt and slops always defiled the roads. Far worse were the narrow lanes or vennels (like Loudon's, or Crail's, or Baxters'), where forestairs lurked, and middens, tar barrels, stacks of inflammable wood, and heather offered every sort of dangerous incumbrance. Citizens were expected to stay indoors after ten. It was insisted on that every tradesman should, each night, attach a “bowet,” or small lamp, to his booth, and every forestair in a close had to be similarly provided with its modicum of decent safeguarding. Any citizen attempting to travel a street or close after



LOUDEN'S LANE, South Street.

ten without a lighted "bowet" was at once conveyed to the lock-up. A patrol moved through the streets and lanes all night.

Most houses in St. Andrews had a modest enclosure at the back—garden, or kailyard. Many of the older houses of the better class in South Street possess large and stately orchards, which nourish antique, pertinacious apple trees and pear trees that yield unexceptionable fruit. Most of these houses are pre-Reformation in their lower stories. Not a few were the property of the Knights Templars, who had a strong hold on the city from a little after David's time till the beginning of the fourteenth century. In Baxters' Close may still be seen part of an ancient effigy of a Knight Templar, in the armour of his period. Number 71, South Street, in charter and inner structure, recalls this order. The first Knight Hospitaller known in Scotland witnessed with the pen a charter of Malcolm IV.'s in St. Andrews issued in 1160. Few other thoroughfares could show as many cosy interiors connected with the baronial period as the half mile of South Street. Such a street was a "Gait," long ago.

The city life had within it a deep cleavage between freemen and unfreemen (burghers and non-burghers). The unfreeman was not entitled to follow any trade, handicraft or merchant's calling, nor allowed fixed employment by a freeman. On market days he could buy only within prescribed hours, and on the other side of the

street from that reserved for freemen. These unfreemen were the jetsom of the community, living precariously. The freemen were supposed to dwell within the city bounds, and combine their ordinary vocation with military readiness to defend the place. When they grew wealthy, a few burghers (like the rich man who owned the large "Queen Mary" house) escaped the military duties by building homes just outside the bounds; yet such out-burghers were by the city frowned on, as Uitlanders. In regard to the trade councils, artisans were aiming to filch away power from the merchants, who fought tenaciously for an old regulation that forbade a craftsman—even a surgeon—to seek guild-brotherhood unless after renouncing his calling. The town council elected a warden, who protected the inhabitants from shoddy goods and prices other than the council and the guilds, between them, settled for every class of merchandise. The guilds, each working through a deacon, had to be closely watched lest they were used for sedition. After the regency of Mary of Guise, the crafts—in all towns—won part of their fight. During that regency, any outgoing council wholly chose the new council. In Mary's reign, the crafts carried the popular election of a certain number (a minority) of the craftsmen to the council, who, however, were compelled to give all their time to municipal duties.

The watchman called the people at night for bed, and in the morning for work. The taverns drew much

life, and on Sundays and the fifty saints' days, when no toil was allowed, were almost a universal resort. These taverns closed perforce at nine. A curious detail of the times was that barbers were restricted to shaving, and the joiners did the blood-letting. The mystery plays and the other old-fashioned secular plays like *Robin Hood* had now grown so coarse that they were losing favour. Mary issued an order forbidding Robin Hood games, because they created "perturbation of the common tranquillity." They had become mere horseplay. Wapinshaws were encouraged; every parish had its public butts; and Sunday archery was an exercise that the people were even bribed to practise. Yet from the period of James II., football and golf were ordered to be "utterly cried down and disused." The reason was—they threw the obligatory archery into disfavour. The town band of minstrels was a popular kind of semi-official guild. It comprised drums big and little, pipes, fiddles, trumpet, cornet and whistle. Every trade or profession had its distinctive dress. Sumptuary laws, aimed particularly at the silks and laces and furs of women, were in general force. A few of Knox's female followers appealed to him to increase sobriety in this matter. He replied carefully:

The answer of your scripture, touching the apparel of women, commanded by St. Paul and St. Peter to be used of such as profess godliness, is very difficult and dangerous to appoint any certainty, lest in so doing we either restrain

Christian liberty, or else loose the bridle too far to the foolish fantasy of facile flesh.

Who would have expected euphuisms from this pen?

In 1581 it came to be enacted that no subject,

. . . man or woman, being under the degrees of dukes, earls, lords of Parliament, knights or landed gentry—shall, after the first of May next, use or wear in their clothing or apparel, or lining thereof, any cloth of gold or silver, velvet, satin, damask, taffeta, or any ornamental stripes, fringes, lace, embroidery of gold, silver or silk, nor yet any linen, cambric or woollen cloth made and brought from any foreign country.

In city or the fields, the ordinary garb of plain men, off duty, included a blue bonnet and a plaid or cloak, but such dressing was eventually denied to burgesses as undignified. In Aberdeen a burgess was fined five pounds for donning a blue bonnet and two pounds for favouring a plaid. The plaid, so much in use by women, even gentlewomen, was a matter of reproof from pulpit and magistrates' bench, as "an offence to strangers and occasion to them to speak reproachfully of all women generally." Many of the women and children went about barefooted, and even the boys of well-to-do citizens played about without shoes or stockings, for an ancient ordinance pronounced this proper for training young subjects to the hardships of war.

Scotland, in Church morals, had certainly been no better than other lands. Gardiner says the

records of arraignment existing chiefly prove cases of laxity at duty, and jealousies. See many pages of *Rerum Britannicarum medii ævi Scriptores*, regarding ballads against the friars.

An incident may here be introduced that illustrates changing Church life among the people.

The Bishop of Brechin [John Hepburn, rather a scamp] buffeted a Frear and called him a Heretick. [He had preached in Dundee against licentious lives of bishops.] The Frear, impatient of the injury received, past to St. Androse, and did communicat the headis of his sermone with Maister Johnne Major [Provost of St. Salvator's College; Knox's most distinguished teacher], whose wourd then was holden as ane oracle, in materis of religion; and being assured of him, that such doctrine mycht weall be defendid . . . there was ane day appointed to the said Frear, and advertisement was given. And so, in the parishe kirk of St. Androse appeared the said Frear, and had amonges his auditoris Maister Johnne Mair, Maister John Lockart, the Abbot of Cambuskynneth, Maister Patrik Hepburne [Prior], with all Doctouris and Maistires of the Universities. His discourse was of Curssing . . . that it should only be used against open and incorigible synnaris. But now, the preast, whose dewitie office is to pray for the people, standis up on Sounday and cries, "Ane has tynt a spurtill. There is ane flaill stollin from thame beyound the burne. The goodwyiff of the other syd of the gait has tynt a horne spune. Goddis maleson and myne I geve to them that knowis of this geyre, and restoris it not."

How the people mocked their "curssing" the father told in a merry tale. (Part of the tale is, that a labourer had said in a tavern on Sunday, "Know ye not how the bischoppis and their officialis servis

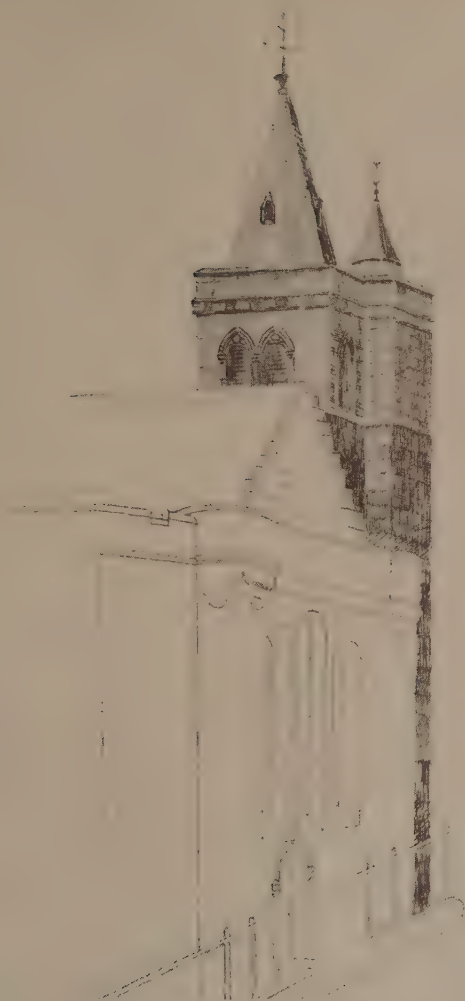
us husband men? Will thei not give us a letter of Cursing for a plack, to last for a year, to curse all that looke ower our dyke?" and so forth.) The man preached often in this style subsequently.

At the Feast of Unreason (see Scott's *Abbot*) the people swarmed into the churches to sing indecent parodies of hymns, and even were sometimes encouraged by the parish priests to do so.

During these days when the great feudal nobles were failing and rich burghers were climbing, Killigrew, England's representative in Scotland, wrote: "I see the noblemen's great credit decay in this country, and the barons, burghs and such like take more upon them." At one time it had been—as Hume Brown quotes Newman—"the monks, who were at once the squatters, the hunters, the farmers, and the civil engineers of the time." But the self-governing burghs were the new and most powerful communities—communities that thrived on exchange, openly cherished woman, bred subjects, and helped to make and sing the ballads of their land.

Dr. McCrie says that before the Reformation all the principal towns in Scotland had grammar schools in which Latin was taught, and they also had "lecture schools" in which children were taught English. In the first *Book of Discipline*, 1560, Knox and his friends laid it down that every considerable parish should have a school, and a school-master fit to teach grammar and the Latin tongue.

In embryo, our great centres of learning had been



ANCIENT TOWERS, *Church of the Holy Trinity.*

called studia. About the end of the thirteenth century, each sanctioned Continental studium had assumed the name of university. Doctors, masters, and bachelors contended with knights for precedence, and even put forth separate profession of a Chevalerie de Lectures. About 1340 Bologna and Oxford numbered students by thousands. Yet Sir Walter Scott records a Douglas as saying of his son Gavin about this time (he became a bishop):

Thank God that never son of mine,
Save Gavin, e'er would pen a line.

There was the width of an Atlantic between soldiers and clerks.

It was not till 1410 that Scotland gained its first university; John Shevez and William Stephen lectured on divinity; Laurence of Lindores on Peter Lombard's Sentences; Richard Cornell on Canon Law; Gyll, Foulis, Croisier on logic and philosophy. The charter under Wardlaw — as already noted — was provisional, dated 27th February, 1411. It obliged aldermen, bailiffs and other officers of the city not to interfere with university privilege, and equally bound all the students and teachers to civil behaviour. The charter was confirmed by the Pope in 1413. In 1419 a certain obscure Robert of Montrose made a gift to the cause of letters, in the way of a College of Theology and Arts, that once occupied the part of the New College now covered by the University

Library. It was this elementary school that blossomed into, first, St. John's College, and then St. Mary's College, or New College. James I. in 1432 granted a local charter exempting teachers and their servants and the most promising students (of whom a list was kept) from all civil tolls, taxes and duties. Even the movable and fixed goods of the pedagogues were exempt from toll. Such immunities were ratified by five other kings named James. Bishop Kennedy's manifesto proceeds:

All those who belong to the university shall have the privilege of buying and selling victuals and clothing, without tax or custom, provided they do not trade in these articles. The citizens shall defend those who belong to the university, and their families and privileges, against all who would injure them; and shall receive in return from them aid, counsel and favour. Beadles, servants, stationers, and their families, shall enjoy the like immunities and privileges with the university. In the assize of bread, beer, etc., if there be any delinquency, the rector may complain to the provost, or any magistrate, who must summon the delinquent next Friday, if there be a guild court, or the next court day following, and have him punished within eight days after; and if the punishment be delayed beyond the term of eight days, the appointment of such punishment, or correction, devolves to the rector, who shall then have it in his power to punish the delinquent according to the laws of burghs. As often as an assize is made, intimation must be given to the rector within twenty-four hours. If any belonging to the college owe a debt to a citizen, and a complaint of such debt be made under oath to the rector, he, the rector, shall send a beadle to some one of the bailies to convene the debtor before him, and oblige him to find surety that he shall

pay the debt within eight days, if the same does not exceed forty shillings; but if it is more, a longer time shall be allowed. If the person complained of deny the debt, he shall be convened before the rector, who shall judge in the cause; and if the defendant consider himself aggrieved by the decision of the rector, he may appeal to the bishop or his commissary; and if they find the rector to have proceeded regularly, the delinquent shall be remitted to him for sentence and execution. If a citizen complain of a member of the university, the complaint is to be lodged with the rector, who shall decide, *mutatis mutandis*, as above; and if the member complained of fail to find surety, the rector may arrest his person or effects. The provost of the city may sit with the rector, not as a judge but as an assessor.

The crowds of students soon found sustenance difficult to secure. In early days, the teachers—as soon as they had any fixed quarters at all—had taught in the Pedagogy or New College. The new university, like that of Paris, was ruled by a rector. Not till 1455, in the reign of James II., was St. Salvator's College built and dedicated to learning by Bishop Kennedy. Its site was chosen in North Street. All the twelve members of staff were to dwell, and eat, within the college. Kennedy was not absurdly exigent about the professors' conduct:

We ordain, further, that all members of the said college live decently, as becomes ecclesiastics; that they be not nightwalkers or robbers, or habitually guilty of other notorious crimes; and if any of them is so (which God forbid), let him be corrected by his superior; and if he proves incorrigible, let him be deprived by the same superior, and another substituted in his place.

The buildings for this seat of learning included a quadrangle, with arcades on the north side; and a chapel (1460), with exquisite tower and spire, one hundred and fifty-six feet high. The old fabric of the quadrangle, save the chapel and tower, has been replaced by more commodious rooms on two of the sides. The existing spire of the tower is fairly modern. St. Salvator's was a college within a university, and its place of worship was a college chapel and also a collegiate church, amply provided by Kennedy with all furniture of ritual. The beautiful group of buildings in South Street known as St. Mary's owes most of its spacious grace to the Barons of Exchequer in 1829-30, although the outstanding tower and the hawthorn tree, said to be planted beside it by Queen Mary, speak of the old times: and parts of the prayer hall and teaching hall are ancient, while much of the principal's house goes back to James V. Let any person find Crail's Lane on the north side of South Street, and take a dozen paces up that entry, then halt. Looking north he will find a noble view of St. Salvator's Tower, and looking south he will be delighted with a gleam of St. Mary's sunny dignity of which Oxford might be proud. At St. Mary's, the curious should seek out also the Long Walk, a grove to which the divinity students were once expected to confine their exercise.

The Beatons and Hamilton all held this college dear, and in 1579 it was new-modelled under



CRAIL'S LANE, Market Street and St. Salvator's Tower.

George Buchanan and Archbishop Adamson. So says tradition. Dr. Maitland Anderson, however, assigns the chief merit here to that noble scholar, Andrew Melville.

It was probably the Englishman Randolph who composed the short Latin *Life of Buchanan* on which other biographers found. The humanist purview of Buchanan as a Latin poet may be perhaps in some small degree divined from the following attempt at translation by the author of this volume:

MAY

Arch, upstart Spring, with this dream-finger of mirth,
Touched the lone bosom of our new-formed Earth:
Lo! the First Age had decked itself in gold;
Fragrances, uncompelled, bestrewed the wold.

Such easy breezes, in that Long-Ago,
Year in, year out, through the warm corn would blow
—One careless mead, under a careless sky—
Where there was none to sow, and none to sigh.

The queen and Buchanan had, in common, pleasant memories of France, where Mary had once practically saved his life. He was now a member of Knox's Church, but had not yet turned upon the queen. Buchanan was on familiar terms with all the Marys. See his epigrams to Mary Fleming and Mary Beaton: gallant, in spite of his bad health and new bent. See also his charming dedication, to the queen, of his paraphrase from the Psalms.

For five years after a visit to France, Buchanan

was unattached, but figured as a kind of poet-laureate, and wrote masques for the return of Mary from France, the marriage with Darnley, the baptism of James. He also wrote verses for Mary to send to Elizabeth. Mary rewarded her friend nobly. She was well aware that he was then the greatest poet in Britain, but ever in debt. The chief pecuniary reward assigned to this great scholar was the rich abbey of Crossraguel, in Ayrshire. Alas, this accomplished brain was accompanied by a cold heart and scanty self-respect. Buchanan's importunities to his queen and to rich courtiers like the Earl of Moray exist in graceful verse. After the death of Darnley, Buchanan was the queen's bitter detractor, yet still he borrowed from his victim. This strange genius was meaner far than Bacon. On 9th February of 1567 Darnley was murdered. A few weeks thereafter (15th May) Mary married Bothwell. In May of next year she was a fugitive to England. In his bitter *Detectio* (never alluded to in the original account of his life) Buchanan heaped further innuendo scurrilously on the stricken monarch who had reckoned his friendship an honour, and that friendship staunch. It was through Buchanan's *Detectio*, and his journey with the calumnious Commission that denounced Mary to Elizabeth, that England and the Continent chiefly learned to think meanly of the captive queen. When, in the *Detectio*, we find the grossest charges made by this writer against



SOUTH STREET (Summer). From top of Roundel.

his friend and sovereign, in language scarcely reproducible, it is little comfort to be told by Hume Brown that "Choice of subject and manner of treatment were determined by the conditions of his age." None the better does his conduct seem to-day because we have to condemn the conditions of his age regarding chivalry and even decency. The poet seems to have returned from Elizabeth to St. Andrews, but died at Edinburgh in 1582.

Knox details a ludicrous incident of these ancient patchwork times. A battle occurred between Cardinal Beaton from St. Andrews and the Archbishop of Glasgow. The cause of disturbance was variance about eminence, in standing, of the two archbishoprics. The fight was, for fairness, appointed to take place at Glasgow in "the ground behind the crosses." The dignitaries chiefly concerned broke their pastoral staves over each other.

Then began no little fray, but yet a merry game; for rochets were rent, tippets were torn, crowns were knapped, and side gowns might have been seen wantonly wag from the one wall to the other. Many of them lacked beards, and that was the more pity, and therefore could not buckle other by the byrse, as bold men would have done. But fie on the jackmen that did not their duty; for had the one part of them recontred the other, then had all gone right. But the sanctuary, we suppose, saved the lives of many. . . . It was more than irregularity. Yea, it might well have been judged lease majesty to the son of perdition, the Pope's own person; and yet the other in his folly, as proud as a peacock, would let the Cardinal know that *he* was a Bishop when the other was but "Beaton."

Wishart, says Knox, was shortly after this burnt before the "auld college." The Archbishop of Glasgow attended the trial, slept in the castle blockhouse (eastern tower or corner near the gibbet, at the foot of Castle Wynd), and at the trial sat next the cardinal peaceably enough.

About twenty years ago Mr. Alexander Cunningham, fisherman, still alive, was present when a garden next Gregory's Lane was dug up for investigation of the supposed foundations appertaining to the old chapel of St. Peter. Nothing of value was found save a few carved stones showing that the chapel—if chapel it really had been—was not primitive. Three skeletons were discovered—all of women. This ruin lay about fifteen yards west of the present Fishermen's Club. In that quarter there was, within the memory of some living, a small ancient building bearing the name of "The Queen's House"—possibly a seaside hut of Mary of Guise. It was compassed by walls. It is curious how little substantial information we possess regarding the large building known as Dean's Court, which was manifestly, in its lower portion, a pre-Reformation structure. Sir George Douglas, elsewhere mentioned, is said to have occupied Dean's Court in Queen Mary's time, and to have entertained his monarch there with archery. The gate he used is now built up. Above it may still be seen his arms, sculptured. The present larger gate was erected some sixty years ago. In Douglas's time there was

some kind of an outhouse standing outside the more ancient gate. A mill stream, coming from the Lade Braes and passing under the lowest house of Abbey Street, flowed through the Priory grounds till it came to the Flour Mill, where it crossed the road diagonally and continued till it joined the Meal Mill, next the gateway of the main road. Any schoolboy of eight thought he had almost become a man when he was able to jump the burn that gurgled from the one mill to the other. Part of the mill lade still remains, being covered with flags. The stream from which it was fed enters the top of the harbour, the lade entering the harbour near the fish gateway. The large square dam that controlled the mill stream is to be found in one of the school gardens.

CHAPTER XI

QUEEN MARY'S DREAMS

DR. HAY FLEMING, in one sentence, brings together the opposing views about Mary's early exile to France:

According to a contemporary Scottish chronicler, she "past to France to be brocht up under the feir of God"; but, according to John Knox, "to the end that in hir youth she should drink of that lycour that should remane with hir all hir lyfe tyme, for a plague to this realme, and for hir final destruction."

Elizabeth, as soon as King Francis was dead, sent across the Channel her agent Throckmorton, without a word of condolence to the widow, and solely to ascertain her plans. The interview between the comely girl of eighteen and the ambassador made a deep impression on Throckmorton. The widow, who was so soon to command Edinburgh and St. Andrews, neither before her marriage nor after her loss of a share in the French throne saw much of the court. Her life was the existence this woman by nature preferred—the country life. And the freshness, the love of arts and of sports and literature that ever accompanied her, in total contrast to the dissoluteness that her Scottish enemies assumed



"QUEEN MARY'S," *South Side.*

for her because she was a Guise, come forth as wonderfully in her *veuvage blanche* as in her general behaviour when Queen of Scotland. The English ambassador writes of her earnestly in these terms:

Since her husband's death, she hath showed (and so continueth) that she is of great wisdom for her years, and of equal modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling of herself and her matters; which, increasing with her years, cannot but turn greatly to her commendation, reputation, honour and great benefit of herself and her country. Already it appears that some such as made no great account of her do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her. Assuredly she carries herself so honourably, advisedly, that one *cannot but fear her progress*.

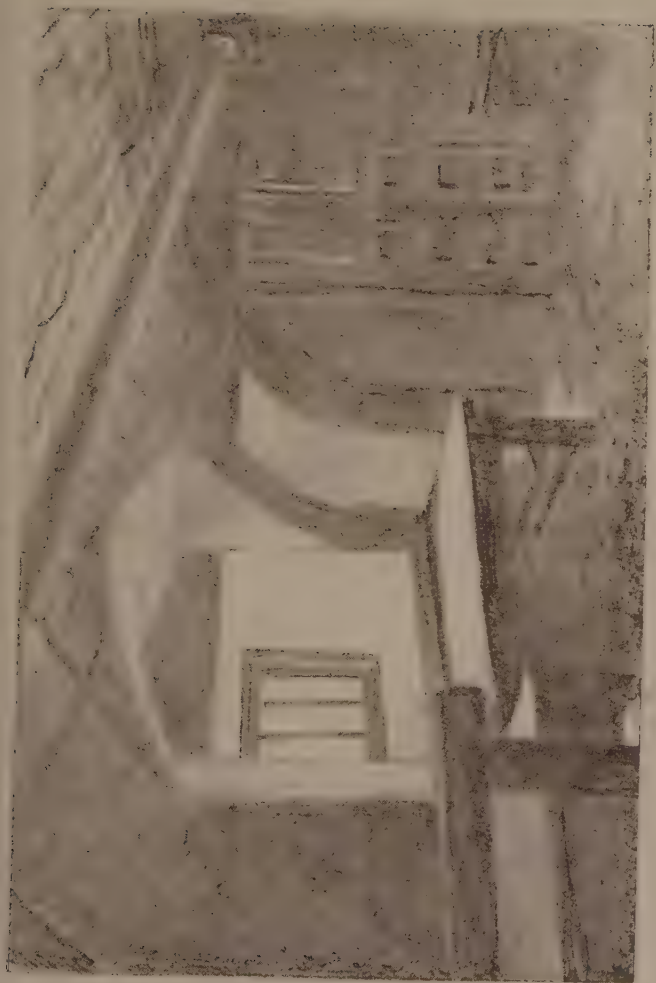
This surely is direct speech!

As far as I can learn, she more esteemeth the continuance of her honour, and to marry one that can uphold her to be great, than she passeth to please her fancy by taking one that is accompanied with such small benefit or alliance, as thereby her estimation and fame is not increased.

Right through her difficult life, in that country where she might have become a Scots Elizabeth, if she had been able to throw away the religious faith of her upbringing, and where she rose from her couch every morning to face chicanery from her nobles as her continual fare, she is felt—in her full pulse for the beauty of the universe, her pity for the poor, her mercy for criminals, her generosity to servants (she wrote to them from prison), the song and dance that were never far from her and her fairly faithful Marys—to be the most graciously

bent to the fair side of life of all the figures that appear in her biographies. As a girl, she is perfectly a contrast, in her native self, to the openly vain and tricky Elizabeth. But when we contrast the two women for level-headed staying power, among men of a violent age, they emerge like a masculine and a feminine within their race and species. We cannot fail to deplore the sneering delight with which so many Scottish folk around her—even the cleverest—felt ready to believe whispered evil about their queen, whose every error of judgment was magnified into crime contradicted by the character of her promise. Even her brother, Moray, loaded with benefits from Mary, is never to be trusted, and fosters lies about her. Few things in the seven volumes of Mary's *Letters* are so saddening as that outspoken Italian manifesto from her pen in which her defence to the princes of Europe compels her to disclose how Moray, while Prior of St. Andrews, betrayed and drove her and how he early shared in the plot to murder Darnley and bring upon her all the infamy of that crime. The rejection of that charge is made by the queen in terms that were easily verifiable in her own day through this open document, addressed in the first instance to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo.

Soon after Mary stepped ashore at Leith from France, in 1561, her Majesty chose a Protestant Cabinet, with the Earl of Huntly as almost the only member who shared her form of faith. She wished to



"QUEEN MARY'S" VAULTED KITCHEN.

establish a generous relation between her and her people. Moray (Lord James Stewart), able and unscrupulous, opposed in every determination to her own hopes of winning the Scots back to orthodoxy, was Prime Minister. This nominal Prior of St. Andrews, taking care to retain every penny of his church wealth, set himself to turn the priests and the French out of the land. The queen sat daily in council several hours, and executed needlework beside a little table of sandalwood, while northern politics loomed rough upon her Guise mind. Having thus set the machine of government in motion, the new monarch planned a tour to see some of the old Pictish towns. Attended by fifteen ladies and by her uncle, the young Duc d'Elbœuf, and her brother James, the royal lady on September 11th proceeded to inspect Linlithgow (her place of birth), Stirling, Kincardine, Perth and Dundee. On the 21st, Mary arrived at St. Andrews, where her brother James was in authority, and on October 2nd she found herself again in Edinburgh, ready for councils. She had shown herself, by the way, the first lady in Scotland to use a side-saddle with a pommel. On her journey the lonely nature of her task as governor of this grey, anti-Papal realm froze her fibre. The English ambassador had been allowed to accompany the cavalcade. He records: "Such sudden passions as I hear she is often troubled with, after any unkindness or grief of mind!" She fainted in Dundee. The roads were

evil; and besides, the lovely lady's brother conducted her education as a kind of vivisection. A malign rumour was spread through Fife by the enemies of Papistry that the many fires naturally spreading themselves along the track of the encumbered progress had been visitations of God upon the queen and her wizardries. St. Andrews did not mark that progress with any courteous reception known to us now. For three years James the Prior and the Congregation had practically reigned there. Mary neither then nor later made comment, extant, on the welter in which ecclesiastical St. Andrews was then lying. The young monarch was striving to restrain the feelings that were the first item in her birthright. She was set on attempting the tactics so strangely recommended to her by the Guises—to let herself appear to be guided by the Scots Protestants. From first to last, Mary would secure her private ends in this city without disclosing to its bailies or the outlying barons any counsels from the throne, and without offering any bribes. Even the University received no favour except that, after the English imprisonment, her law papers assigned her Latin and Greek books to the university. Moray, at the head of the city and diocese, must have needed all his cynicism when he looked upon the architectural butchery his faction had used to reinforce their belief in the Covenant as Scotland's inspired vision of God. It must of course be remembered in fairness that

the Protestants had no use for these great buildings, and to maintain them would cost a monarch's ransom. The position was the more curious for Mary, since Moray was trying to persuade her that the deadliest enemies he and she had were the Hamiltons; and behold—although he had fled—a Hamilton remained archbishop of all between Forth and Tay!

In the beginning of March 1561-2 Mary, having attended her brother's wedding in Edinburgh and made him Earl of Mar (soon afterwards Earl of Moray), set out for a few weeks' hunting at Falkland and St. Andrews. Rumours were already flying about purporting that Leicester's suit for the queen's hand had been rejected; that Arran—rude as he had often showed himself to the occupant of the throne, was crazed for love of her, but would be rejected also; that after all Darnley was the favoured one, since the Prince of Spain had withdrawn. Darnley was a varying mixture between Catholic and Protestant; a lad younger than the queen; fond of martial exercise and sports; ungovernable, even by a beauteous woman—but Mary did not believe this. She had vision of this grandson of Henry VII. wedded to her and ready, the moment childless Elizabeth should die, to step in with his wife and present a double claim to reign over an England that would return to the Pope's care. Even at Falkland the concourse disturbed the queen's love-plot. We may pardonably enter-

tain the theory that sometimes, when Mary wanted to dwell for a little in a city remote from noise and grime, not shut off from sport, yet wooing rather the dreams of a woman's nature—a brooding-place, a boudoir, or pouting-chamber—she resorted to St. Andrews. It is surely a mark of an unsensuous disposition that Mary openly declared a preference of St. Andrews to sparkling Edinburgh; and there she for an hour or two each morning before breakfast indulged in gardening, and engentled the afternoons by studying Livy under the tuition of that principal of St. Leonards College who had taught her in France. George Buchanan shared with his queen this love of St. Andrews as the fairest of Scottish towns—even in a ruined condition. It was now that the queen prohibited the St. Andreans from reviving the vulgar street pastimes called Robin Hood, Little John and the Abbot of Unreason.

But the royal party no sooner reached Falkland after evacuating Edinburgh than letters came from the capital and from Arran at Kinneil to reveal a cabal. The Earl of Bothwell had been banished from the court for a month, having led others into immorality. In order to revenge this rebuke, Bothwell laid bare to Arran and to Arran's father, the Duke of Châtelherault, a plot to waylay Mary at Falkland and carry her off to Dumbarton Castle. Châtelherault and his son were both feather-headed; as it chanced, the father joined the plot; the son

betrayed it, although at first implicated. When hunting, the queen was made acquainted with the imminent treachery. She removed to St. Andrews, taking Arran with her as nominally a captive, and ordering Bothwell and Kilwinning on ahead under a guard. On one of these evenings the queen, while reading Livy, was struck by a sentence of Cato's, "Better it is that wicked men be not accused than that they should be acquitted." Acting on this maxim, the queen convened her nobles and confronted Bothwell with Arran. Arran stuck well to his tale. To atone for Arran's and Châtelherault's duplicities, the forfeiture of Dumbarton to Mary's friends was stipulated, and Arran was sent back to Edinburgh in the queen's coach—probably a French one. Randolph reports to Elizabeth:

I never saw yet, since her Grace's arrival [in St. Andrews], but she sought more means to win the duke's good will, and my Lord of Arran's, than ever they had will to acknowledge their duties as subjects unto their sovereign. She knoweth herself in what place God hath appointed them, and that He is the revenger of all injustice.

Thus was the rejected lover treated. Bothwell was dispatched to imprisonment in Edinburgh under an increased guard of twenty-four soldiers. He escaped to his castle of Hermitage, and thence, eventually, to England.

Queen Mary, on this approach to revolt at St. Andrews, kept calm, and "Shot at her favourite pastime of the butts, in her private garden, against

the Earl of Mar and one of her ladies, Randolph, the English ambassador, and several of the nobility being present." The queen was then twenty years of age. Archbishop Hamilton led an "out-and-in" existence, precariously employed by the court, after being imprisoned for saying Mass publicly. He was eventually to be near Queen Mary at Langside. The regent, Moray, Prior of St. Andrews for a time, became a chief leader of Reformation and threw off all obedience to the archbishop. He furthered the plans of conspirators against the insecure primate, but his own life suddenly ended, for he was shot at Linlithgow as revenge for condemning a lady to travel forth naked from her own house of Woodhouselee on a cold winter's night. The new regent, Lennox, pursued the vendetta against the archbishop, and had him publicly hanged at the Market Cross of Stirling, 7th April, 1571. It does not appear that this dignitary was personally lamented by any large number of people; and even as a fighter for his side he is not to be compared with the Beatons; but he equalled David Beaton in private licence.

On her return to Holyrood, after Bothwell's disappearance, Mary Stuart found a new suitor, King Eric of Sweden (through an ambassador). Even St. Andrews had not, this time, been a truly restful boudoir. The escaped convict at Hermitage now comes little into the picture as a sweetheart, in competition with a Spanish prince, an Italian

prince, a French prince, a Swedish prince, and Darnley. Still, this singular woman will marry the convict, after he has run away with her in a disgusting plot. She will ultimately marry him, and love him best of all—the Protestant, to the consternation of the Pope! “Best of all!” Mary had only time to make men love her—bad men: she had neither time nor incentive to requite the passion of any one of them thoroughly.

Again the Queen of Scotland was on tour from Edinburgh, and she reached St. Andrews on 20th February, 1562/3. With snatched returns (for a night) to Edinburgh, and short visits to Pitlethie and Falkland, the little court spent at St. Andrews most of the latter half of February, and also March, April, and half of May. On the 15th of March the mistress of this court was saddened by the news that her two Guisan uncles had died, one by assassination, the other from battle wounds. The Council of Trent was then sitting. A legate arrived from the Pope bidding the queen stand fast by those of her faith. But Moray had set heart on wresting for himself the power of property of the Huntlys and other Gordons—all Catholics. The legate had come in a strange hour. Mary's new journey to the north was a scandal. Her royal powers were to be laid at the disposal of her robber brother. The Huntlys never had Mary's heart, it is true. They were high-handed in their own stretches of the country, and they cried out on her (to the Pope)

as too temporising to be a sturdy servant of the Church. Earl James informed Mary that a brawl had taken place in Edinburgh. It involved the honour of the Gordons—particularly of Sir John Gordon of Finlater. The Gordons must be heavily punished. Sir John escaped to Aberdeenshire. Mary, her ladies and her advisers—including Gordon's chief foe, Sir Thomas Ogilvie—also proceeded to Aberdeen. Gordon escaped again. His father, the Earl of Huntly, unsuccessfully endeavoured to imprison the queen and have her brother assassinated. And then the sovereign issued a command to Huntly that he should surrender to her brother his title of Earl of Moray and his castles of Finlater and Auchindown. Thus the Prior of St. Andrews delivered well-nigh his last greedy kick to the most outstanding nobleman in his sister's small array of papalists. Huntly and his friends refused the queen admittance to their fortresses. The new Moray and the Ogilvies kept pressing matters. Huntly and his son were summoned to attend trial at Aberdeen. Huntly joined battle with the queen's forces, and fell dead in the fight. His son, Sir John, was captured, and led bound as a felon through an Aberdeen street, where Queen Mary looked out of a window through her tears. But when the executioners repeatedly botched attempts to behead Sir John, the queen, who had been weak enough thus to outrage the spirit of the Highlands, fell in a swoon. Under compulsion from a brother

whom she still strove to love, Mary had behaved as her father's daughter never before or since conducted herself. "In France," writes Brantôme, "never could she endure cruelty; never had she the heart to see poor criminals fall under the sword of justice, as I have seen many great ones do."

This earlier half of the tour of state to Aberdeen has been touched upon because it exhibits one who in earlier days might have lived and died a blameless Prior of St. Andrews, now urging his sister and queen, for his selfish reasons, to actions unworthy of her. On the return half of that journey, at Montrose, a young Frenchman presented himself at the court with a letter from Maréchal d'Amville. D'Amville, though of no great birth, had been vain enough to propose love to the queen on the voyage from France. Here he pestered her again, little knowing, seemingly, that the messenger he chose to bear that letter had on the same original voyage also fallen in love with Mary, and now visited Scotland, determined to take every audacious advantage he could snatch. The queen received Chastelard handsomely, and not only listened to namby-pamby verses from him, but scribbled verses to him in answer. This indiscretion was doubtless but a passing whim, but it turned the amorist's head. At Montrose he secreted himself in the queen's bedroom, when all were about to retire. Forgiven and warned, he dared in exactly the same way at Burntisland, and was dragged from

under the royal bed, was tried at St. Andrews, and condemned. He had been apprehended with sword and dagger near him, and it has even been hinted that a certain French lady had based plans on the fop's conceit that would have made for the royal victim a disconcertment public and bitter. According to Randolph, who was as concerned as anybody to get at the truth, the Frenchman confessed his trespasses as wholly unwarranted. He ascended the scaffold at St. Andrews Cross, and as he climbed he sang a song of Ronsard's, with market folk listening (22nd February, 1563). Brantôme would have us believe that the culprit added these words, turning in the direction where the queen would be concealed, "Adieu, most beautiful and most cruel princess of the world!" It seems probable that neither Brantôme nor Chastelard would find these words out of tone.

It is interesting always to come across reports of such incidents, furnished by foreigners who have access to facts, even if they do not always use the facts impartially. They usually afford us a general view. The Italian Nuncio with the French court reports here "that a French gentleman was found under the bed of the Queen of Scotland, and although he at first said that he had done so for love, yet afterwards when condemned to death he confessed that he did it by the express order of Madame de Cursol, who had sent him to that kingdom to give a bad name to that queen."

Madame de Cursol was a Huguenot lady of Catherine de Medici's court, afterwards created Duchess d'Uze.

A letter to the Pope from his agent at Trent puts the case thus:

It is said a French gentleman, a Huguenot, left his country under pretext of becoming a good Catholic. . . . So he made his way out of Orleans as if escaping, and went to the court of the said Queen Mary, and had been found one evening under the queen's bed with his sword and dagger. . . . It was discovered that he had acted thus with the intention of killing her, and had been induced to do so by the Huguenots, because they feared that, if she married the son of the Emperor, the house of Guise would acquire such great power.

Gonzalez de Mendoza, Bishop of Salamanca, reports:

A conspiracy has been discovered which the heretics have made to massacre the Catholic princes. . . . As for the Queen of Scotland, who is a Catholic, they determined not to kill her, but to dishonour her, in order to prevent her from marrying.

All these versions of a disagreeable incident—the last bringing with it a new suggestion for many of us—are here transferred from that volume of the Scottish Historical Society entitled *Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary*.

It seems that Mary (see Dr. Hay Fleming's *Queen Mary*, pp. 518–27) after her return from France, kept her first three Easters at St. Andrews.

Mary completed her twentieth year in December 1562. France and England were at war. Many

Scots were crossing to fight for the Normans. But the strange state of Scotland and of the neighbouring world did not debar the Marys from freely enjoying nightly dances, which John Knox must needs publicly interpret as on a level with ecstasies of malignant Herodias. The queen summoned Knox to justify his strictures, telling him plainly that he had "exceeded his text." Knox extemporised an abridgment of his sermon, and informed Her Majesty that his references to Herod and Herodias grew from the fact that he could but censure "Princes who spent their time among fiddlers and flutterers, in flinging, rather than hearing God's word." Mary took all with forbearance, apparently convinced that this grim-faced man was born impervious to æsthetics. Surely after what had occurred, this was a good-humoured sentence with which she closed the interview: "If ye hear anything of myself that mislikes you, come to myself and tell me, and I will hear you."

The close companions of the queen resolved with their mistress for another relaxation, a very wholesome and innocent one. The four Marys and the Queen, Mary, in February 1565 (some suppose their earlier domicile here was 71 South Street) hired the house of a rich merchant at St. Andrews, that they might fleet the time unharassed. The dwelling had been built by Hugh Scrymgeour in 1523. Mary has told us in writing how much she enjoyed furthering the interests of worthy French merchants

in Scotland. This may have been now a French trader's home. Most of the foreign dealers of St. Andrews lived (so some say) in Swallow Street, a thoroughfare supposed to have given place to the Scores. But the house the royal party had hired—garden, butts and all—was at the Priory end of South Street, and included Queen Mary's House and portions of Prior's Gate, as we now call these dwellings. Almost the only male person admitted to the ladies' feasts and songs and archery and hunting was the ever-inquisitive English ambassador, Randolph; but Randolph was then in love with Mary Beaton; so at table he was allowed a place next the lady of his passion. When the ambassador wished to find out, in tortuous ways, whether Mary would wed Leicester or Darnley, the queen spoke directly. She told him that she and her girl companions were here for rest and merriment, and that they would only talk with him if he recognised that he was taking part in a bourgeois holiday. Political debate was ruled out.

Mary was here in her boudoir, fingering necklaces and considering suitors. Well aware she was that Elizabeth became alarmed every time she heard of a foreign proposer for our queen's hand. Mary had already told Randolph

. . . that anyone persuading her, who was born a queen, and had been the wife of a king, to marry anyone under the degree of a prince, could not be a friend of hers, or have a proper regard for her honour; and that his sovereign,

having assumed over her the dignity and authority of a mother, would not, she thought, proffer unto her any but the best.

So the main question in the minds of these two finessing queens was whether Darnley, with his royal blood, would decently suit the case. Mary was coming to the conclusion that if Elizabeth died, as her brother and sister had already died, she and Darnley could make a splendid bid for a papal England—and, of course, a papal Scotland. With that thought in her heart, it was easy for her to be merry even in a city of ruins. Randolph was told:

I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravitie and great ambassade until the queen come thither; for I assure you you shall not get her here, nor I know not myself where she is become. You shall see neither cloth of estate, nor such appearance that you may think that there is a queen here; nor I would not that you should think that I am she at St. Andrews that I was at Edinburgh.

John Knox, in Edinburgh, had publicly rebuked these young women for their manner of clothing, just as he had decried their dancing. Here Mary contented herself with putting her maidens into black velvet, for this was half-mourning, the French king being dead a year. One reason why she wanted to marry soon was her desire to release the band of girls from their vow of virginity. But it is feared that giddy Mary Beaton whispered many things

of State to Randolph, and it was lucky that there was nothing of a compromising nature for Randolph to lure from the girl between a kiss and a kiss. Randolph never married her.

The Queen of Scots' miniature court was, they say, "never merrier." Unkindly Catherine de Medici urged the crazy Arran upon her relative with motives as malevolent as ever Elizabeth entertained. Mary had need of shelter amid her maidens while she sometimes strove with paroxysms of tears. We are told that she wept for the husband of her youth and "for the want of assured friends."

It was much mused by the Queen of Scotland herself [observes Randolph] how this new kindness came about, that at this time she received two long letters [from Catherine], written all with her own hand, saying, "all the time, since her return, she never received half so many lines as were in one of the letters."

The Queen of Scots went on to remark that even more would she feel any influence that the English queen wielded, were she to advise her in a motherly manner at this juncture.

Randolph withdrew to Edinburgh. Girls' gaities filled the merchant's house. No guests arrived. No intercourse was held with the city folk. Just before the English ambassador left, he was asked to find an answer to the latest news: Bothwell had been called by Elizabeth to London. Perhaps this action of one whom she then looked on as a traitor changed Mary's plans about another man.

On the 20th March Randolph wrote to Cecil:

Of this queen's mind hitherto towards him [Darnley] I am void of suspicion, but what affections may be stirred up in her, or whether she will be at any time moved that way, seeing she is a woman, and in all things desireth to have her will, I cannot say.

Mary's mind will never at any point in her career clear itself up to her people and her neighbours beyond that. She is not made of the steadfast royal dame's serenity that breathes from St. Rule's Tower, beside the merchant's house.

These Marys who shared the merchant's house were all four paid from the queen's French rents, as were practically all her attendants of every degree. The total of royalty's expenditure under this head was 34,320 livres tournois, equal to crowns in the days we speak of, and nearly amounting to to-day's pounds sterling.

It is not possible to say whether, during the dozen sojourns Mary made in St. Andrews, she habitually used the South Street house or houses. It is not likely that she and her women would have wished to inhabit the half-deserted Priory or the bare Hospitium which her mother used, and which had been, says rumour, hurriedly built for Magdalene. The castle was never fitted properly for women, and was, moreover, dismantled. We must remember that this lady, so pleased with the simple though spacious house and garden between St. Leonards and the Pends, had once been mistress of one hundred

palaces in France, Fontainebleau being her favourite.

When the South Street party at St. Andrews broke up, about 14th February, 1564/5, the cavalcade took the road for Wemyss, where it had been arranged that Mary and Darnley should meet. The boudoir broodings gave forth a plan. Mary still wept that lost vision of being either Princess of Spain or Queen of Spain. Darnley showed his best side during the brief comradeship at Wemyss. This was not absolutely Darnley's first encounter with his love. He had met her in mourning at the Palace of Orleans. The Scots disliked Darnley not merely because he was nominally a Papist, but because he inherited blood shared by that English king who had so long malignantly striven to break up the northern realm. The marriage that ensued at the Chapel Royal, Edinburgh, pleased nobody. Elizabeth and her council saw it close the rivalry between the lovers, both being claimants to the English throne. They were equally descended from Margaret, sister of Henry VIII.

In July 1564 Mary began an extended visit to the Highlands. And as Kincardine, Perth and Dundee were in the tour, not unlikely St. Andrews and Falkland had their share in the circuit. The undertaking combined sport and music and the holding of judicial courts. In Atholl the bodies of the five last wolves of the district were laid before her. The verse and music of these valleys so struck her Majesty that she acknowledged how

the ballads sung by the exquisite voice of Beatrice Gardyn of Banchory had captivated her as more searching art than the best songs of Rizzio and the best playing of her new master, Michelet. The chief noblemen of Fife met Mary and Darnley on the 12th of September, 1563, and escorted them into St. Andrews for a day or two's rest when, in very stormy weather, they were sweeping the eastern shires boldly to subdue rebels, which they did successfully.

From St. Andrews Queen Mary wrote five letters.

24th April, 1562. To Queen Elizabeth:

"Richt excellent, richt heich and mighty Princesse, oure darrest suster and cousin, we grete zou hartlie wele. Forasmekle as in the weris [wars] led by zoure umquhile sizter Marie agains this our realme the lord Gray, oure subject, chanceit to be takin presonere and was detenit certane space by his takaris [capturers] and thaireftir lattin hame upon ane band [bond]."

The rest is a request for an abatement of Gray's ransom, as he is poor.

18th March, 1563. To the Council of Trent, apologising that the disturbed conditions of the queen's realm prevent her from sending Scottish prelates to the Council, and begging that her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, be accepted as Scotland's representative.

23rd April, 1563. To Elizabeth, begging safe conduct towards France for John Acheson, Master of the Mint.

26th April, 1563. To Elizabeth. A similar request for Thomas Forbes.

28th January, 1564-5. To Elizabeth. A similar request for David Waus.

For these epistles, see Prince Labanoff's seven volumes, *Receuil de Lettres*, 1844.

The third day after the queen's coming to Fife, September 1565, the whole barons and lairds of Fife convoyed her Majesty till she came to St. Andrews, where the said lairds and barons, especially the Protestants, were commanded to subscribe to a bond containing in effect, That they obliged themselves to defend the king and queen's persons against Englishmen and rebels.

Thus Knox, who goes on, in regard to incidents very unlike Mary's nature:

The second night after the queen's coming to St. Andrews, she sent a band, or a troop of horsemen, and another of foot, to Lundie, and at midnight took out the laird, being a man of eighty years old; then they past to Fawside, and took likewise Thomas Scot, and brought him to St. Andrews; where they, with the Laird of Bavard, and some others, were commanded to prison. This manner of handling and usage being unkind and strange, were heavily spoken of.

John Knox himself has said of the proclamation that Mary and Darnley put forth at St. Andrews on this visit: "And because the same is very notable I thought it good to insert it here, word by word, albeit it be somewhat long." It is the last link that connects Mary with St. Andrews. Here surely we had best reproduce the decree in modern spelling.

Henry and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of Scots—to all and sundry, our lieges and subjects, whom it may concern, and to whose knowledge these letters shall come, greeting. Forasmuch as in this uproar lately raised against us by certain rebels and their assistants, the

authors thereof, to blind the eyes of the simple people, have given them to understand that the quarrel they have in hand is only religion, thinking with that cloak to cover their ungodly designs, and so, under that plausible argument, to draw after them a large train of ignorant persons easy to be seduced.—Now, for the preservation of our good subjects (whose case were to be pitied, if they should blindly suffer themselves to be induced and trapped in so dangerous a snare), it hath pleased the goodness of God, by the utterance of their own mouths and writings to us, to discover the poison that before lay in their hearts, albeit, to all persons of clear judgment, the same was evident enough before. For what other thing might move the principle raisers of this tumult to put themselves in arms against us so unnaturally, upon whom we had bestowed so many benefits, but that the great honour we did them, they being thereof unworthy, made them mis-know themselves; and their ambition could not be satisfied with heaping riches upon riches, and honour upon honour, unless they retain in their hands us, and our whole realm, to be led, used, and disposed at their pleasure. But this the multitude could not have perceived, if God, for disclosing their hypocrisy, had not compelled them to utter their unreasonable desire to govern. For now, letters sent by themselves to us make plain profession that the establishing of religion will not content them, but we must be forced to govern by a council such as it shall please them to appoint us; a thing so far beyond all measure, that we think the mention only of so unreasonable a demand is sufficient to make their nearest kinsfolks their most mortal enemies, and all men to run on them without further scruple, that are zealous to have their native country to remain still in the state of a kingdom. For what other thing is this, but to dissolve the whole policy, and, in a manner, to invert the very order of nature; to make the prince obey, and subjects command? The like was never demanded by [of?] any of our noble pro-



SOUTH STREET, on left—"Queen Mary's," Northern Freed,

genitors heretofore, yea, not of governors or regents; but the prince and such as filled their place, chose their council of such as they thought most fit for the purpose. When we ourselves were of less age, and at our first returning into this our realm, we had the free choice of our council at our pleasure; and now, when we are at our full maturity, shall we be brought back to the state of pupils, and be put under tutory? So long as some of them bore the whole sway with us, this matter was never called in question; but now when they cannot be longer permitted to do and undo all at their pleasure, they will put a bridle into our mouths, and give us a council chosen after their fantasy! This is the quarrel of religion they made you believe they had in hand. This is the quarrel for which they would have you hazard your lands, lives, and goods, in the company of a certain number of rebels against your natural prince. To speak in good language, they would be kings themselves; or at the least, leaving to us the bare name and title, take to themselves the credit and whole administration of the kingdom. We have thought good to make publication hereof to show that you suffer not yourselves to be deceived under pretence of religion, to follow those who, preferring their particular advancement to the public tranquillity, and having no care of you in respect of themselves, would, if you would hearken to their voice, draw you after them to your utter destruction. Assuring you that as you have heretofore good experience of our clemency, and under our wings enjoyed in peace the possession of your goods and lived at liberty of your conscience, so you may at full assurance of the like hereafter, and have us always your good and loving princes, to so many as shall continue yourselves in due obedience, and do the office of faithful and natural subjects.—Given under our signet at St. Andrews, the 10th day of December, and of our reigns the first and twenty-third years, 1565.

Surely Mary here was, in the abstract, logical?

The two loveliest possessions our land of straths and bens has bequeathed to us are its ballads and Queen Mary. Between these, we have to consider John Knox! He was necessary. A rough bigot, hating women (yet not without his phases of subjection to them), he was largely indifferent to all beautiful things but "liberty." His confidence in himself was such that he laid down spiritual law on all and every occasion as if he were a bourgeois Holy Ghost. An English bishop once said publicly that he cared not if England were sober so long as it were free. John Knox, if he attained its "liberty," cared not whether Scotland advanced on the paths of courtesy. For liberty and education framed on the Bible he had entered on a life-and-death struggle. The struggle was complicated by the natural error he adopted in company with Luther and Calvin—the mistake of supposing that there existed for the guidance of mankind an inerrant Bible which could triumphantly be assumed divinely inspired at every turn against a Papacy that was none other than Anti-Christ.

Mary's father, like nearly all the Stuarts, was interesting; cultured though not moral in his private life. Now from James IV. and Flodden to James VI. and the Union, Scotland continually was threatened from the south. The south almost succeeded at Flodden, in 1513. Henry VIII., in 1523, proposed that the Chancellor of Scotland, James Beaton, and certain other lords "should be tempted by

promises, gifts, and good policy" to betray Scotland. In 1535 Henry was at war with France; had thrown off Papacy; and was keen to wheedle Scotland from both the French and the Pope.

James V. would not listen, and wrote affectionate submission to the Pope. He sought and won Princess Magdalene, daughter of Francis I. Magdalene's married life only lasted a summer. Then James wedded another Frenchwoman, Mary of Guise, beautiful, wise. Cardinal Beaton describes Mary as "stark and well-complexioned, and one who may endure travail." This alliance with the house of Guise was bitter indeed to Henry. Still, he pushed Protestantism on James as alluring, exhilarating to kings desiring independence. Moreover, the plunder of monasteries! Then the English king's ambassador, Sadler, represented that the king was old, his son was delicate, his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, illegitimate, and the power to appoint the heir to the southern throne absolutely Henry's; and he felt drawn towards James as that heir. Caithness to Cornwall! James V. would not even accept this lure. Sir Walter Scott has considered James as a sovereign who would have shone in a happier age. So far he shone that he was a steady lover of the country he tried to govern. This was the stubborn father whom Mary tried to follow when she said to Throckmorton, the English ambassador:

I will be plain with you. The religion which I profess I take to be the most acceptable to God; and indeed,

neither do I know, nor desire to know, any other. Constancy becometh all folks well, and none better than princes, and such as have rules over realms, and specially in matters of religion.

Mary's mother has had mud thrown at her in her day to mark her out a wanton, but nearly all modern historians consider this charge unfounded, and conclude that Mary of Guise, for her child's sake, led a long, dull, and difficult life in Scotland, endeavouring with moderation to keep the peace in this turbulent realm.

Some would have it that Mary was sent to France to be trained as a traitor to her country. The plain fact seems to be that even in her cradle this child had been the subject of incessant intrigue. Her chances, we have declared, were appraised on all hands as merchandise. Her mother, at Stirling, had even to strip the royal babe and show it to an ambassador "oot o' its cloots," in order that he should satisfy himself about the soundness of that merchandise. In France, Mary's uncles, the Duke of Guise and Cardinal Guise, were kind to the Scottish girl according to their lights. She was allowed to see very little of existence at the corrupt court of Catherine de Medici—who was descended from the Florentine Medicis. Mary put her in her place by calling her to her face a shopkeeper's daughter. It was a fresh-air life that our queen led in France with her Marys, and Ronsard and George Buchanan were her principal teachers in letters. She accom-

plished respectable verses, was well read in several languages, played three instruments, sang with a good natural voice, and most sincerely loved all sport.

No one can in the least understand Mary Stuart who does not recognise two strains as basic in her character. First she was a sweetly-modelled, gracious, lovely, laughter-liking woman, so attractive that she turned the head of every man. Had she been born for a more obscure life she might have proved a spotless paragon. But, second, she was a queen, twice a queen, having reigned by the side of Francis for a year and a half. The widowed queen who landed in Scotland sometimes retired to weep, very occasionally uttered longings to be back in dear France's country life, but deep in her soul lay the determination never to seek for common bliss, never to wed with a man who was not of royal blood. And to this determination she added another. She was aware that Scotland was fast becoming Protestant. She had even been so imprudent as to utter words in France indicating Knox as the bitterest enemy she would meet in her Scottish realm. She was resolved to finesse, if need be—to carry out the cunning of the Guises who instructed her to allow her policy to be guided by Protestant nobles, although she might stipulate to worship in private according to the manner of her fathers. Mary was not a learned Roman Catholic, nor was she disposed to a specially saintly life, nor did she possess a sagacity that might have led to extensive

reform in the Catholic religion that had become so debased from the far purer days of Pope Hildebrand. She was just simply determined that she was not fashioned of the stuff that would accept dictation in religious tradition from men like Knox. And she saw as clearly as we do to-day that a large number of the nobles and gentlemen with whom Knox was associated cared much less for the doctrines he preached than for the wealth of which they could deprive the Established Church. Yes, she saw this all too clearly in the character of her own illegitimate brother, the Prior of St. Andrews, upon whom she rained licence and luxury without producing in him satiety or gratitude.

What of the dark side to Mary's character? Perhaps the queen's soul grew turbid when she realised that she had never had a moment's favour from the Fates. For even Elizabeth had counsellors who shared or shaped her policy, and rendered it a fairly steadfast policy. But neither among Catholics nor among Protestants had Mary one steady friend. Although the times were so rough, it almost appears that this beautiful woman had no power to raise heart's loyalty in the men her eyes attracted. It was so in politics no less than in her matrimonial disasters. She was conscious that almost every one, in some whirl of the storm, had probably been willing to kill her or sell her; and even thus, she grew to know, Elizabeth stood ready.

Here is the first interview between the queen and

Knox, as presented in Miss Strickland's sympathetic, painstaking *Life* of our monarch. Mary has only been a few days in Edinburgh, but does not shrink from summoning the theologian.

Scarcely had the queen been a week in Edinburgh before she took the bold step of demanding a conference with her formidable adversary, Knox. No one was present but the Lord James at this interview, the particulars of which are recorded by the great reformer himself. The proverbial expression, "There are always two sides to every cause," loses none of its truth, though only one be heard; and it must be recollected that Mary rarely has the opportunity of telling her own story. According to Knox's statement, her Majesty commenced by reproaching him for having excited a revolt among a portion of her subjects against her mother and against herself; and that he had written a book against her just authority, meaning *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women*. Of all Master John's heresies, his fair young Popish queen appears to have considered his uncivil opinion of her sex the most inexcusable. . . . Nor was his contempt of womanhood a whit more agreeable to the nursing-mother of the Reformation, Elizabeth of England. The latter he had considered it expedient to pacify with assurances that nothing in that book could apply to her, since she was an exception to the general follies and perversities of her sex. To the young Mary of Scotland he entered into a bold defence, both of the principles of his ungallant work and the able manner in which he had set them forth. "And touching that book," he says, "which seemeth so highly to offend your Majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that one Englishman hath written against it, but I have not read him. If he have sufficiently impugned my reasons, and established his contrary proposition with

as evident testimonies as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance. But to this hour I have thought, and *yet think*, myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute."

Mary appears to have been too polite to dispute the opinion expressed by a well-satisfied author of the literary merit of his own book. The proposition that women are excluded, both by the law of nature and by the law of God, from exercising regal authority she regarded as injurious to her as a female sovereign, and, coming straight to the point, she said, "Ye think, then, that I have no just authority?" A direct answer to this plain query being inexpedient, as it might have amounted to treason, Knox delivered, in reply, an extempore essay on the differences in opinion of learned men in general from those of the world they lived in; adding that they were, nevertheless, under the necessity of bearing patiently the errors and imperfections they could not amend—adducing the philosopher Plato and himself as instances of that quiescent policy. He concluded his apology for non-resistance to the authority he had denounced as illegal in the following obliging terms: "If the realm finds no inconvenience from the regiment of a woman, that which they approve I shall not further disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace as Paul was to live under Nero. My hope is, that so long as ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or your authority; for in very deed, Madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England." "But," said Mary, "ye speak of women in general." "Most true it is, Madam," he replied; "and yet it appeareth to me that wisdom should persuade your Grace never to raise trouble for that which to this day hath not troubled your Majesty, neither in person nor yet in authority." Sound sense there was in this remark; but

Mary, not being past the age of quixotism, was rashly bent on continuing to tilt with the giant she had ventured to defy. She now aimed her lance at a fresh point of attack: "But yet ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?"

The great reformer was now on impregnable ground, and he failed not to demonstrate to his fair opponent the weakness of the position she had taken up. "If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, Madam, what religion should there have been in the world?" he asked. "Or if all men in the days of the Apostles should have been of the religion of the Roman emperors, what religion should have been on the face of the earth? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and unto Darius, and yet, Madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one nor the other." . . . "Yea," replied Mary, "but none of these men raised the sword against their princes." Knox endeavoured, by a logical play on words, to prove that non-compliance and resistance were one and the same thing. Not by defining the difference between verb passive and verb active did Mary answer—she kept to facts, and repeated, "But yet they resisted not by the sword." "God had not given them the power and the means," replied Knox. "Think ye," asked Mary, "that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" "If their princes exceed their bounds," replied Knox, and then proceeded to assert, as a principle, the rights of subjects in certain cases to coerce, dethrone, and imprison their sovereigns, in a strain so thoroughly opposed to the precepts of the apostles Peter and Paul that the young queen, whose ideas of the duty of subjects were based on texts of Scripture which, she perceived, had no restraining influence over her spiritual antagonist, turned pale, and remained without the power of utterance for more

than a quarter of an hour. When her brother, the Lord James, the only person present at this agitating interview, asked "if she were ill," tears came to her relief; and, turning once more to her stern opponent, she said: "Well, then, I perceive that my subjects shall obey you and not me, and shall do what they list, not what I command, and so maun I be subject to them, and not they to me!" "God forbid," replied he, "that ever I take upon me to command any to obey me, or set subjects at liberty to do what pleaseth them. My travail is that both princes and subjects obey God"; adding "that God enjoined kings to be foster-fathers, and queens nursing-mothers, to His Church." "Yea," replied Mary, with undissembling plainness, "but ye are not the church that I will *nourish*; I will defend the Church of Rome, for I think it is the true Church of God." "Your will, Madam, is no reason," retorted Knox; "neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Christ." He then spoke in strong language of the declension of the Church of Rome from the purity of the primitive Christian Church, and affirmed that the Jewish Church at the time of the crucifixion of the Son of God was not in so bad a state as the corrupt Church of Rome. "My conscience is not so," observed Mary. "Conscience, Madam," exclaimed Knox, "requires knowledge, and I fear that right knowledge ye have none." Mary took this patiently. "But," said she, "I have both heard and read——" "So, Madam," interrupted her vehement opponent, "did the Jews, that crucified Jesus Christ, read both the law and the prophets, and heard the same interpreted after their manner." He scornfully added, "Have ye heard any teach but such as the Pope and his Cardinals have allowed? And ye may be assured that such will speak nothing to offend their own estate." "Ye interpret the Scriptures in one manner, and they interpret in another," observed the young queen, "whom shall I believe? and who shall be judge?" . . .

The conference, which proceeded to a much greater

length than our limits will admit, was finally interrupted by her Majesty being summoned to dinner. Knox took his leave in these words: "I pray God, Madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel." When some of his own familiars, however, demanded what he thought of the queen, he replied, "If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment fails me!

Mary's tears were reported to Randolph, the English ambassador, by the sole witness of this interview, the Lord James.

No wonder the queen liked St. Andrews better than Edinburgh! John Knox was, usually, farther away. It was a great pity for the Reformation cause that Queen Mary was nothing of a theologian, and that John Knox scarcely excelled as a gentleman.

See in the merchant's house at St. Andrews Queen Mary running over the gamut of the month's possible spouses. Don Pedro, Leicester, Eric of Sweden, Darnley, Bothwell glooming in the English court. All her men are vile. The reason is that she does not select them for any good quality, she selects them for the dynastic game. It is their blood brand she sets her stake upon. As she sits there, she remembers how she has repeatedly told Knox that she is very ready that people should worship as they please. Yet she has just made up her mind that Darnley and she will wed and bring

about a Catholic England. She is as steadfast in this dream as she will be sorry when she has been five weeks wed (for the human element will be quite intolerable). In five or six weeks of wedlock Mary will have learnt to say with Imogen (let us replace "thief-stolen" with "death-stolen"):

O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been death-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest will,
 Which seasons comfort.

We note the same drear cry ring through *Timon*:

O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!

Here is a beauty fatal to all; it will be fatal even later, in the English prisons. Mary's broodings are not love, usually, but schemes, mere love of being loved, chiefly for political ends. Her lack of faithful counsellors includes the counsel of her own heart. She will not have loved, with woman's fullness, any man. Her very son will grow up with pitiful lack of love for her.

Still, there are such traces of sweet greatness! Mary's zest for the quietude to be found in St. Andrews is such a sign. It brings us nearer her. But her nerve for the world fails; even her loved Marys become suspect. It is clear that she rides to Langside distrusting everybody, although she

presses a gambler's chance for Victory. She saw as well as we now do, let us repeat, how much the friends of Knox were seeking wealth in the Reformation adventure. But she remained herself unsullied by greed, save when she favoured her brother the Prior.

It may be reckoned from the movements of Mary and Darnley in the district of Wemyss that ere the queen had bidden adieu to St. Andrews for the year 1564-5 the lover chiefly recommended by Elizabeth and her ambassador had been discarded, and the dissolute son of the royal Lennoxes had been quite deliberately chosen to be titular king—a Catholic by breeding and half a Protestant in feeling, a man who at any rate might be just possibly influenced towards Church piety as St. Margaret influenced Malcolm. At no point did Mary succeed here, either through her beauty or by her brains. Darnley was an imposing agglomeration of little weaknesses. Ere marriage, he had schemed against the liberty—and perhaps life—of James V.'s daughter. He was now plotting again. Was the kingdom indeed to "gang wi' a lass"? However the Casket Letters lead us to fear that the queen may have connived at Darnley's murder, we must at least remember the rough ethics of debased chivalry in that shameful century, and equally recollect that there had scarcely been a month since her birth when men neither better nor worse than Darnley were ingeminating treachery against this

loveliest of monarchs. Her own view, at the worst, was a question:

"Because Darnley has revealed himself as a winebibbing, lecherous, too ambitious man, who wishes, despite lack of brains or balance, to oust me from my heritage so as to give me only second place in my kingdom, am I, at the age of twenty, to resign my destiny, the vision of power that sustains me as my father's offspring, the impulse to favour those who will save Scotland from so unstable a governor in my place?"

Mary has left Scotland little but a sob. If we are, in these dull days, to con our national history honestly, let us admit how necessary Knox was to prepare our present position; how little it was likely that Mary, after all a superfluous gamester, would ever have advanced sincerely any Protestant cause. But it is to be wished that the epic figure of Columba will become better loved by Scotland as the saint and many-sided genius that Knox was not. Knox never used a moment or a breath to mention that Christ-like predecessor. And we shall long that some student like Miss Menzies, who has lately written so sympathetic a book about Columba, will explain to Scotsmen what claims upon their reverence St. Margaret established by her spotless queenhood and by a life of sane piety devoted to Scotland's bettering.

Regarding the Casket Letters, the following points are scarcely in dispute. Buchanan helped Moray

to bring these forward in England against Mary. Mary denied having any connection with them, and Buchanan, after his charge, cruelly prevented her from seeing them. A few persons, probably in error, believed that he himself forged them. They were forged by somebody, a slight majority of historians now affirm. In the *Detectio*, Buchanan brought against his queen the following accusations, all without proof, and all rejected now by every class of annotator: that she fomented feud between Darnley and Moray to bring about the slaying of both; that she encouraged Darnley to seduce Moray's wife; that she flaunted adultery with Bothwell in Edinburgh and at Jedburgh; that she formed a scheme to poison not only Darnley but her own child.

CHAPTER XII

DR. JOHNSON'S IMPRESSIONS

THE age following Queen Mary's reign brought upon St. Andrews material humiliation of which record tells nothing worth study. Here it may be well to bring before readers, first, a concise report from the seventeenth century, then a classic page that is, after all, to many not easily accessible.

Thomas Tucker was sent by a Parliament of Cromwell in 1655 as a Commissioner to Scotland. From his report we learn:

St. Andrews hath formerly been bigger, and although sufficiently humbled in the time of intestine troubles, continues still proud in the ruines of her former magnificence, and in being yett a seat for the Muses. To this port and members thereof there are very many vessels belonging, which are imployed for the carryeing coale and salt outwards and to the coast.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's visit to St. Andrews has been described in duplicate. It took place in 1773, when the total population of the place had fallen to two thousand. Boswell's account begins by acquainting us (*Tour to the Hebrides*) how the two friends arrived at Glass's Inn late in the night, and



THE WEST PORT.

were taken by candlelight, after supper, to the ruins of St. Leonards. Johnson himself gives us another version of his experiences, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. Boswell's book confirms the amazing fact that the scholars of St. Andrews were so engrossed in showing the nooks of academic learning that they allowed the two travellers to leave St. Andrews without either beholding or even hearing of St. Rule's. That is to us perhaps the most instructive occurrence in the visit. The dons who piloted and regaled the strangers were Murison, Shaw, Cook, Hill, Haddo, Watson, with Colonel Nairne. Murison, turning the key of the University Library, placidly remarked that Johnson would not see a collection like that in England. Watson had bought St. Leonards, its grounds, its disused pedagogy, and its comfortable house. "We saw in one of the streets," writes Boswell, "a remarkable proof of liberal toleration; a non-juring clergyman, strutting about in his canonicals, with a jolly countenance and a round belly, like a well-fed monk." Johnson is reported to have kept his head uncovered all the time he spent among the relics of ecclesiastical vandalism. Sombre these notes are, but they are honest, particularly in reminding us that northern Presbyterianism would stand higher to-day as a guide to the common sense of the world if Scots had striven harder to keep in touch with that greater world, and not remained satisfied to "resign them-

selves to their own thoughts, conversing only with each other!" Dr. Johnson writes:

At an hour somewhat late we came to St. Andrews, a city once archiepiscopal; where that university still subsists in which philosophy was formerly taught by Buchanan, whose name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern latinity, and perhaps a fairer than the instability of vernacular languages admits.

We found that by the interposition of some invisible friend lodgings had been provided for us at the house of one of the professors, whose easy civility quickly made us forget that we were strangers; and in the whole time of our stay we were gratified by every mode of kindness, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.

In the morning we rose to perambulate a city which only history shows to have once flourished, and surveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be visible, unless some care be taken to preserve them; and where is the pleasure of preserving such mournful memorials? They have been till very lately so much neglected, that every man carried away the stones who fancied that he wanted them.

The cathedral, of which the foundations may be still traced, and a small part of the wall is standing, appears to have been a spacious and majestick building, not unsuitable to the primacy of the kingdom. Of the architecture, the poor remains can hardly exhibit, even to an artist, a sufficient specimen. It was demolished, as is well known, in the tumult and violence of Knox's reformation.

Not far from the cathedral, on the margin of the water, stands a fragment of the castle, in which the archbishop anciently resided. It was never very large, and was built with more attention to security than pleasure. Cardinal Beaton is said to have had workmen employed in improving its fortifications at the time when he was

murdered by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himself calls a merry narrative.

The change of religion in Scotland, eager and vehement as it was, raised an epidemical enthusiasm, compounded of sullen scrupulousness and warlike ferocity, which, in a people whom idleness resigned to their own thoughts, and who, conversing only with each other, suffered no dilution of their zeal from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long transmitted in its full strength from the old to the young, but, by trade and intercourse with England, is now visibly abating, and giving way too fast to the laxity of practice and indifference of opinion, in which men, not sufficiently instructed to find the middle point, too easily shelter themselves from rigour and constraint.

The city of St. Andrews, when it had lost its archiepiscopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: One of its streets is now lost; and in those that remain there is the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.

The university within a few years consisted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two; the College of St. Leonard being lately dissolved by the sale of its buildings and the appropriation of its revenues to the professors of the two others. The chapel of the alienated college is yet standing, a fabrick not inelegant of external structure; but I was always, by some civil excuse, hindered from entering it. A decent attempt, as I was since told, has been made to convert it into a kind of green-house, by planting its area with shrubs. This new method of gardening is unsuccessful; the plants do not hitherto prosper. To what use it will next be put I have no pleasure in conjecturing. It is something that its present state is at least not ostentatiously displayed. Where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue.

The dissolution of St. Leonards College was doubtless

necessary; but of that necessity there is reason to complain. It is surely not without just reproach that a nation of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increasing, denies any participation of its prosperity to its literary societies; and while its merchants or its nobles are raising palaces, suffers its universities to moulder into dust.

Of the two colleges yet standing, one is by the institution of its founder appropriated to Divinity. It is said to be capable of containing fifty students; but more than one must occupy a chamber. The library, which is of late erection, is not very spacious, but elegant and luminous. The doctor by whom it was shown hoped to irritate or subdue my English vanity by telling me that we had no such repository of books in England.

Saint Andrews seems to be a place eminently adapted to study and education, being situated in a populous, yet a cheap country, and exposing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and dissoluteness of a capital city, nor to the gross luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning; in one the desire of knowledge easily gives way to the love of pleasure, and in the other is in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The students, however, are represented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be some obstruction to their increase that there is no episcopal chapel in the place. I saw no reason for imputing their paucity to the present professors; nor can the expense of an academical education be very reasonably objected. A student of the highest class may keep his annual session, or as the English call it, his term, which lasts seven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for less than ten; in which board, lodging, and instruction are all included.

The chief magistrate resident in the university, answering to our vice-chancellor, and to the *rector magnificus* on

the Continent, had commonly the title of Lord Rector; but being addressed only as *Mr. Rector* in an inaugural speech by the present chancellor, he has fallen from his former dignity of style. Lordship was very liberally annexed by our ancestors to any station or character of dignity: They said the *Lord General* and *Lord Ambassador*; so we still say *my Lord* to the judge upon the circuit, and yet retain in our Liturgy the *Lords of the Council*.

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults over which had formerly stood the house of the subprior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who claimed the right of abode there as the widow of a man whose ancestors had possessed the same gloomy mansion for no less than four generations. The right, however it began, was considered as established by legal prescription, and the old woman lives undisturbed. She thinks, however, that she has a claim to something more than sufferance; for as her husband's name was Bruce, she is allied to royalty, and told Mr. Boswell that when there were persons of quality in the place, she was distinguished by some notice; that indeed she is now neglected, but she spins a thread, has the company of her cat, and is troublesome to nobody.

Having now seen whatever this ancient city offered to our curiosity, we left it with good wishes, having reason to be highly pleased with the attention that was paid us. But whoever surveys the world must see many things that give him pain. The kindness of the professors did not contribute to abate the uneasy remembrance of an university declining, a college alienated, and a church profaned and hastening to the ground.

St. Andrews indeed has formerly suffered more atrocious ravages and more extensive destruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the sight of archiepiscopal ruins. The distance of a calamity from the present time seems to preclude the mind from contact or sympathy. Events long past are barely known; they are

190 DR. JOHNSON'S IMPRESSIONS

not considered. We read with as little emotion the violence of Knox and his followers as the irruptions of Alaric and the Goths. Had the university been destroyed two centuries ago, we should not have regretted it; but to see it pining in decay and struggling for life fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.



"NUN'S WALK," Near St. Leonard's School.

CHAPTER XIII

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TO-DAY

BEHOLD present St. Andrews! True, the city is connected with the fretful outer world only by a branch line of rails. Its port is silted up and dying. It perversely glories in the fact that it possesses no manufactures. Economically studied, the place would seem to laugh in its seclusion, and prosper by ignoring labour. Its community of nine thousand six hundred and forty-seven souls, accumulated mostly at some distance from the boding ruins, has sprung up in a sort of fantastic bubbledom. Five thousand more immigrants, or the acrid smoke of a single mill, and this bubble may burst. Meanwhile it fleets the time carelessly as folk did in the golden world. Where do we find the explanation?

Climate. Golf. Education.

The Bay of St. Andrews, stretching over shifting, shallow sands towards Carnoustie and Arbroath, affords no sea-scope for yachting, or even for any boating, save in the shallops of a few fisher folk. This unoccupied spread of blue foam, often stirred by sharp-set easterly winds from Germany and Russia that wake the Bell of Aberbrothock as

they arrive, offers the very spume of salty health to the cliff-girt city. Nestled beside its own tiny stream (Kinness Burn), and but a few miles removed from the embouchures of the Eden and the Tay, St. Andrews lives nearly free from thunderstorms, and is lightly dealt with in regard to snows. The author, during twelve years' residence in this city of restful zest, has never carried an umbrella: rain is rare, and when it does manifest itself, it is borne in blasts that raise a jest among steel ribs armoured in silk. During all months of the year save January, February, March, St. Andrews—no proper resort for those who love not a *bracing* atmosphere—is next to Bournemouth in register of sunshine. The Columbans and the Culdees, in their own way, noted such elements of salubrity, doubtless, and these same elements privileged Queen Mary to breathe, a girl again, in South Street. But with the quickened means of travel in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and with advances in professional classification of health resorts, our city justifies ever more clearly its offer of a soberly robust existence to those who seek its spell of detachment from commerce's hurly-burly.

While the Middle Ages fought here with the wild beasts attendant on faith, a peaceful force was being breathed from the seashore, destined to sweep the surface of the world. As Buddhism was born in India, but is no longer found in that country (though otherwise widespread), so golf—*het kolven*

—seems to have originated on the coasts of the Flemings, who regularly traded clubs and balls (sometimes of wood) to the Scotland of James VI.; yet Holland of to-day knows the game only as a shrivelled diversion for a public-house court, like skittles. We have seen, in an earlier chapter, how the Stuarts had to suppress the rapture of Sunday golf at St. Andrews and elsewhere, in order to foster the more immediately necessary soldier's play at the archery butts.

Without claiming to be the very first British community to develop the recreation brought from Holland, the people of St. Andrews rest on the parchment record lying in the Council Chamber to prove how in 1552 the last archbishop of the Church—Hamilton—acknowledged that the citizens had complete right over the links between the city and the Eden, "to play at golf, futball, schuting, at all gamis, with all uther maner of pastime, as ever thai please." And they seem to have been enjoying the strict rigour of the game of golf for at least a hundred years before that document was engrossed. In 1754 twenty-two "Noblemen and Gentlemen, being admirers of the ancient and healthfull exercise of the golf," met at St. Andrews and formulated "Articles and Laws in playing the Game." The Earl of Elgin, Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, two Bethunes, Oswald of Dunnikier, and James Cheape were among those who signed these enactments, the nucleus of "St. Andrews Rules of Golf,"

issued by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1892, after revision and expansion of the originals in 1812 and 1828. The Royal and Ancient Club itself came into being (out of an earlier sort of gathering) under the patronage of King William IV., and its present home was built in 1854.

St. Andrews now supports four full golf-courses, and its rules and general authority are looked upon by players all over the globe as pontifical. Thus emerged irresistibly from the links of this city a world-influence, the unsullied beneficence of which spreads steadily from the shadow of our Reformation ruins. A few years ago the author, on the old course, encountered a photographer heavily cumbered with cameras. A chat with this visitor brought out the fact that his engrossing task was a picturing of the one hundred and seventy bunkers on that course. All these pictures had been ordered by America for use in constructing new playgrounds for golfers.

The original first hole of the old course (some say) began at a spot lying near the present severely ugly Martyrs' Monument, and also nigh to the almost smiling effigy of the Virgin that scans the Monument from the west end of the Roman Catholic Chapel, erected by a private donor in 1910. Legend says the Provost and the Town Council used to march hither with a band, to inaugurate the most important golf competitions. It is the golf-links, at any rate, and not the Ruins and their



TOWER OF ST. LEONARD'S SCHOOL, FOR GIRLS,
seen from Ancient Chapel of St. Leonards,

story, that bring the rank and file of visitors to St. Andrews.

While the expulsive power of this new affection—for golf—gradually banished lethargy from our city, streets arose, composed of dwellings suitable for retired service-men and their families. Hence other new thoroughfares and rows of shops. Hence, also, private schools for boys, the excellence of which is well attested to-day in scholarship lists of the great English universities. Young girls of position are at present chiefly provided for at St. Katharine's School in North Street. This is a fully equipped feeder to St. Leonards School for Girls, founded in 1877, on the general model of the leading English seminaries. The institution, in point of numbers, has grown almost as important as the University. It instructs three hundred and seventy boarding pupils, besides day scholars. The teachers number fifty. The school's classrooms, hostel, concert-hall, infirmary, and playing-fields occupy an immense tract of ground, that holds at its centre the venerable remains of St. Leonards Chapel and the site of George Buchanan's abode. So large an establishment powerfully affects local trade, and spreads interest in this centre throughout the empire. St. Leonards School produces a splendid average of intelligent, athletic girls, frank-eyed and frank in speech, trained to keep themselves on the outlook for opportunity to serve and to amuse in any society that offers them courtesy.

The ideal of cheerful common sense here inculcated bears an authentic mark of our epoch, and benefits the British race, much as, from Toronto's centre, the famous Havergal School does.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, town and gown fell out. For nine months the whole University body discussed the necessity of removing to Perth. "St. Andrews is now only a village where most part farmers dwell." "Victuals are dearer here than anywhere else." "The disposition of this people is much set upon tumultuating." The sour grapes bred a sour atmosphere. "This place," recorded the Senate, "is a most thin and piercing air." The quarrels died out and the weather spiritually improved, but during the first three-quarters of its fifth century (1810-1910) the University "well-nigh reached the point of extinction." So says Dr. Maitland Anderson, in his admirable quincentenary digest, *The City and the University*. The chief causes of decay were the losses in salaries and revenues, through reduction in agricultural values. Government issued various commissions to remedy affairs. It was through a commission of 1826, reporting critically, that Viscount Melville, Chancellor of the University, obtained a large grant from the public funds and secured the overhauling of St. Mary's College building, the extension of the University Library, the reform of the east wing in the United College. Later the north wing was erected. By recommenda-

tion from an Act of 1889, the University was presented with an annual Parliamentary subsidy of £6,300, increased in 1892 by £4,500 per annum. The Carnegie Trust in many forms of munificence supported the revived University, while several benefactors, by bequest and otherwise, modestly imitated the brothers Berry. These two Scottish gentlemen, becoming rich in Australia, bestowed £100,000 on their Alma Mater. St. Andrews University is more splendidly staffed than it ever was, with teachers representing most developments of knowledge as well as classic subjects. Post-graduate research is a feature on the scientific side. There is every indication that expansion will be further called for, by very reason of the University's vitality under the general charge of our present Principal, distinguished in science, who is dedicated to the widest views of modern evolutionary education. This expansion looming ahead will call for further private and governmental support in regard to finance. The Reverend Principal of St. Mary's College is a strong leader among the philosophic authors of the age. The University Court is supreme governor, and consists of fifteen members, eight ex-officio and seven elected. The Senatus Academicus is formed of the two Principals and the professors—thirty-one, all told. The lecturers—apart from assistants—number forty-seven. The General Council includes all degree-holders, and therefore welcomes to its fold a considerable number of

women who have passed through the University's classes. Girl students were first admitted here in 1892. The innovation has been attended by the exercise of common sense on every hand, and the red-gowned undergraduate lasses are contemplated with municipal benevolence, as they trip along in groups under the flickering trees that line both sides of sunny, social South Street. Dundee College had fully joined its lot to that of our University in 1897. The combination teaches seven hundred and seventy-two students.

Some readers of this treatise may wonder that it has not drawn much more largely upon the metrical chroniclers, that it has not borrowed romance from Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, that it does not burrow among the quizzical memoirs of the nineteenth century, that it does not touch upon bygone wits like Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Ferrier, that it does not display a gallery of portraits including Chalmers, Campbell, Flint, Brewster, Baynes, Tulloch, and that it does not quote from the poems of Andrew Lang and Murray. The writer replies that he set himself a task which he could only accomplish, however imperfectly, by adhering to a single line of bald investigation. The line was to be followed for disentangling, so far as might be, the legendary in favour of the probable; and this was to be done within the limits of a cheap book, its price nevertheless permitting repro-

duction of pencil sketches, in themselves a humble chronicle of noble ruins daily fading towards complete decay.

The majority of people to be met in St. Andrews now speculate scarcely at all about these ancient buildings. They are proud to possess them, but regard them as perennial enigmas. A certain proportion of the indigenous folk cling to fairy-tales. Thus, says Dr. Boyd, writing in 1892, "He who would be popular in St. Andrews must believe St. Rule's to be fifteen hundred years old. In fact its years amount to the respectable sum of eight hundred." But the most lamentable fact is that the young men and young women who pour into St. Andrews, to procure the highest education, spend diligent years at school or university yet leave the unique city with scarcely a notion of how it grew. Last summer, the author was visited by a distinguished young student belonging to the University, who had been drafted to New York for a further spell of academic drill. On return to St. Andrews, he talked earnestly about the origin and equipment of the American institution which had completed his training. Yet in a subsequent walk with his guest through the eastern ruins of St. Andrews, the writer found this exceptionally bright young fellow fain to confess that as a St. Andrews undergraduate he had never found time to learn about the history of the University that first received him. Within a week, there came to the

author another highly qualified *alumnus* of St. Andrews, who, with a valuable scholarship, was setting forth to study the antiquities of Jerusalem. An evening ramble drew from him the admission that he also had never given a thought to our Ruins. These cases are representative. Be it respectfully suggested that there is something ridiculous in the gathering of young people hither for instruction in world-service, and letting them depart as ignorant as casual tourists about the wonderful object-lesson in architecture, feudalism, and the struggles of religion, set forth by the great buildings that stand here so close together, waiting to be understood by their human neighbours. Higher education has in this instance accidentally lapsed, has it not? The criticism may be ventured, even while some of the difficulties connected with free utterance on this theme are acknowledged.

"A grand place, St. Andrews," exclaimed Carlyle. "You have there the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland, in good and clean condition."

FINIS

INDEX

ABBEY Gate, the, 100, 104
 Abel, Bishop, 81
 Aberdeen, Mary Stuart at, 156-7
 Abernethy, Columba's mission in,
 2; recalcitrancy of, 21; Culdees
 at, 22
 Acca, 30
 "Ad Vitam," Hepburn's motto, 99
 Adamnan, 13; on passing of
 Columba, 14; spirit of his
 biography, 15
 Adamson, Archbishop, 141
 Adrian, "St.," 72
 Æsthetic element in building, 53
 Afra, St., 45
 Aghabo, 27
 Agnes, St., 45
 Aidan, 14
 Alba, 30
 Albany, Duke of, treatment of
 Rothesay by, 85; commits
 Gavin Douglas to prison, 98
 Alexander I., King, endowment
 of St. Rule's Church by, 37;
 share of, in Cathedral project,
 43
 Alexander III., plot of, to rob St.
 Andrews bishopric and priory,
 81
 Alexius, St., 45
 Almsgiving, 10, 48
 Alpin, 29
 Althamar, John, provost of St.
 Salvator's, 91
Amhra Coluimcille, 14
 Amiens, Bishop of, 116
 Amville, Maréchal d', 157
 Anchorites, 21
 Anderson, Mr. Alan Orr, on
 Culdees' right to elect bishops,
 24

Anderson, Mr. Robert, description
 of Culdee Church by, 25
 Andrew, St., relics of, 30, 34 *et*
 seq.; adopted as Scotia's saint, 30
 Angles, the, 29
 Angus, King, 29; endows Church
 of St. Andrew, 30; Earl of,
 98, 112
 Annand, John, 111
Anthony, Life of St., 21
 Archbishop of St. Andrews, first
 appointment to, 93; temporal
 powers of, 93; Graham, 93-5;
 Shevez, 95; James Stuart, 95;
 Alexander Stuart, 95; Prior
 Hepburn, 98; Andrew Forman,
 98; James Beaton, 90, 101;
 David Beaton, 105; John
 Hamilton, 113
 Architecture, study of, 70. *See*
 also Fabric
 Ariosto on Archbishop James
 Stuart, 95
 Arnold, Bishop, founds St. An-
 drew's Cathedral, 40, 58; ap-
 pointed, 75
 Arran, Earl of, 106, 112, 113; his
 incompetence as a soldier, 116
 Asceticism, 3, 21
 Athanasius, eastern monasticism
 popularised by, 21
 Augustinian canons and the right
 of election, 24; effect of, on
 St. Andrews, 50
 Augustinians, at St. Regulus, 35;
 at Kilrymont, 35; spiritual
 influence of, 45; their monas-
 tery of St. Andrews, 49; their
 attitude towards Culdee canons,
 50
 Avignon papacy, 84, 85, 87

- Balfour, Alexander, vicar of Kilmany, 111
 Balrymonth, East and West, 3
 Bane, Bishop, 84
 Bannockburn, ecclesiastical death roll at, 79
 Basil, St., 3
 Beaton, David, Cardinal, 101, 103, 105; murdered, 107; persecution of heretics, 110-11; battle with Archbishop of Glasgow, 143; his description of Mary of Guise, 171
 Beaton, James, Archbishop, 90, 101; consolidates his position as primate, 102; persecutes reformers, 102; intrigues over marriage of James V., 103; Henry VIII.'s proposal to, 170
 Beaton, Mary, 162
 Bede, belief of, in miracles, 15
 Beehive churches, 7
 Beggars, 128
 Benedict XIII., bull of, on institution of St. Andrews University, 88
 Benedictines, spiritual influence of, 45
 Bernham, Bishop, 80
 Berry brothers, 197
 Bethune of Balfour, James, 101
 Bishops, Columban, 12
 Bisset, Prior, 86
 Blackfriars, 104
 Blackness, 112, 113
 "Boar's Chase," 37, 38, 74, 77; origin, 129
 Boece, errors of, concerning Culdees, 23; on the monastery of St. Andrews, 49; on Prior Hepburn, 100
Book of Common Order, 118
 Boswell, his visit to St. Andrews, 185
 Bothwell, Earl of, 152, 155
 Bottle Dungeon, 84; David, Duke of Rothesay, in, 85
 Brewster, Sir David, 100
 Brown, Hume, on the Reformation 122-3; on Buchanan, 143
 Bruce, Robert, 82-3
 Brude, King, 12, 14
 Buchan's Cave, Lady, 25
 Buchanan, George, errors concerning Culdees, 23; on James Kennedy, 90; reformation of St. Andrews University, 119; Randolph's biography of, 141 as a poet, 141; *Detectio*, 142; Casket Letters, 183; his accusations against Mary, 183
 Burgess rights, St. Andrews', 75, 132
 Burghs, self-governing, 136
 Cainnech, 13, 14, 15, 27
 Cameron, 37
 Campbell, Col. *See under* Priory of St. Andrews
 Canons, 51. *See also* Friars
 Canterbury, primacy of, lost, 74
 Cardan, 118
 Carlisle, Bishop of, 51
 Carlyle, his opinion of St. Andrews, 200
Carmina Gadelica, 7
 Carnegie Trust, 197
 Carthusians, 89
 Casket Letters, 181, 182-3
 Castle, St. Andrews, built, 77; connection with Cathedral, 78; destruction, 79; repaired, 83; demolished, 84; Bottle Dungeon, 84; Earl of Northumberland at, 86; James I. at, 86; birth of James III. at, 91; David Beaton at, 106; Arran besieges, 113; relieved by Stronzius, 115
 Cathedral, St. Andrews, building of, 58; traces of original design, 59; dedication, 59; attacked, 59; copper roof, 60, 62; dimensions of, on present plan, 60; chapter house, 61; Wishart's façade, 61; Lamberton's chapter, 61; Senzie House, 61; damaged by fire, 62; restoration, 62; want of originality in fabric, 63; John Morow, 64; Turgot, 72; founded, 75; Lamberton dedicates, 83; burnt and repaired, 84;

- Mass at, 87; first archbishop of, 93; Hepburn's wall, 98; hierarchy under Archbishop Hamilton, 118; rapine, 121; Dr. Johnson's visit, 186
Cathedral Builders, The, 64
 Catholicism, priests of, as a caste, 45
 Celidei, 23
 Cells, Columban monastic, 8, 9
 Chalmers on Culdee fabric, 24; on John Morow, 67
 Chancellor of St. Andrews, 93, 96, 105
 Charters, University, 137-8
 Chastelard, 157
 Châtellerault, Duke of, 152
 Choir, purpose of monastery, 54
 Christianity, Celtic, relation of, to Egyptian asceticism, 3; "Gospel," 3; relations of, to Monasticism, 12; episcopacy, 12; ecclesiastical Rome and, 12; imperial politics in relation to, 19
Chronicon of Iona, mention of Kilrymont in, 15
 Churches, institutional, 53; plunder and devastation of, 121
 Church of Mary, 9
 Clement VII., 84; Scotland supports, against Roman claimants to Papacy, 85
 Clergy, Conservator of the, 80
 Cloister, monastery, 54; the "garth," 55; purposes, 55
 Coenobites, 3, 21
 Coldingham, Prior of, 96
 Columba, St., 1 *et seq.*; his summons, 2; Abbot of Iona, 2; early settlements of, 2, 3; injunction of celibacy, 10; private devotions of, 11; visit to Inverness, 12-14; efforts among the Picts, 14; his death, 14; descent, 16; belief in miracles, 17; his work in Scotland, 17; his dying message, 18; significance of Tower of St. Regulus in relation to, 43
 Columban settlements, 4, 12
 Columbans, the, 1 *et seq.*; monastic life, 8 *et seq.*; genuflexion, 10; prostration, 10; conversation among, 10; church services, 10, 11; daily study, 11; festivals, 11; charms, 11; disruption with Rome, 12; private property, 20; conformity to Rome, 20; banished, 29
 Comacine Guild, 64
 Comgall, 3, 13
 Communists, religious, 4
Convent, 52
 Councils, provincial, 80
 Court of Session, 87
 Craft guilds, 64, 132
 Craw, Paul, 89
 Criminal jurisdiction of archbishops, 94
 Cross, sign of the, 11, 13
 Culdee canons, Augustinians and the, 50
 Culdees, 9, 18, 19 *et seq.*; tonsure, 19; derivation, 22; at Abernethy, 22; primitive rights, 22; ignored by Bede, 23; differentiated from Columbans, 23; policy of Rome towards, 24; date of fabric, 24; control of St. Regulus Church, 33; debarred from election of bishops, 35; retrogression of, 36 *et seq.*, 50; "St." Adrian, 72; tithes resigned to, 80
 Cumyn, William, 83
 Cunningham, Thomas, 101
 Cursing, 135
 Cursol, Madame de, 158
 Cursus Apri, 30, 94. *See also* Boar's Chase
 Dalmeny, chapel at, 40
 Dalriada, 12, 14
 Danyelstone, Walter de, 85; his violence, 85-6
 Darnley, murder of, 148; Mary's love of, 151, 162, 164; Mary's marriage with, 165; 180, 181; character, 181-2
 David, King, support of, in endowment of St. Rule's Church, 37

- David I. and Boar's Chase, 74
 David II., release of, 84
 Dean's Court, 112, 144
 Decree against rebels, Queen Mary's, 167-9
 Deicolæ, 22
 Denino, 37
Detectio, Buchanan's, 142
 Diocese of St. Andrews, 72
 Douai, relics of St. Margaret at, 47
 Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, 101
 Douglas, Gavin, 98
 Douglas, Sir George, 113, 144
 Dress, 134
 Druids, miracles of the, 15
 Drumceatt, Columba's synod at, 27
 Dumbarton Castle, capture of, 85; plot to carry Mary to, 152
 Dunalban, 12
 Dundee, wealth of, 127; college, 198
 Dunfermline, abbey of, 31; Alexander Stuart as abbot, 96
 Dupplin, battle of, 84
 Durham, cathedral of, 73
 Dury, Queen Margaret's head at, 47
 Eadmere, Bishop, 73
 Earnan, 16
 Ecbert, 19
 Ecclesgreg, 40
 Egypt, asceticism of monks in, 3; kinds of monks in, 21
 Election of superiors, 103
 Elizabeth, Queen, 148; Mary's letters to, 166 *et seq.*; her attitude towards Mary Stuart, 174
 Emoluments of the See of St. Andrews, 76
Epigoniad, the, 26
 Episcopacy, Iona's Christianity and, 12
 Equality of man in the eye of the Church, 44
 Erasmus on Archbishop Alexander Stuart, 95
 Essenes, 19
 Eucharest celebrated at St. Rule's, 39
 Eulogia or Blessed Bread, 8
 Fabric, 58 *et seq.*; of St. Andrews and St. Rule's compared, 63; demolition by reformers, 121
 Falkland Palace, 85, 105, 151-2, 155
 Feast of Unreason, 136
 Fellows of craft guilds, 68, 69
 Fern, Hamilton, lay-abbot of, 102
 Feudalism, religion's share in, 44; Bishop Roger's, 79; popularity of, 125
 Fife, Columba in, 1; tythe and altarage systems in, 73; English invasion, 117; Boar's Chase, 129
 Fish Cross, the, 62
 Flodden, battle of, 96, 98, 170
 Fogo, John, zeal of, against the Lollards, 89
 Fordun on Malvoisine, 80; on Traill, 84; on Lollards, 90
 Forest, Henry, martyrdom of, 102
 Forman, Andrew, Archbishop, 98
 Fothad, Bishop of St. Andrews, 31
 France, Beaton's efforts to promote friendship between Scotland and, 102
 Fraser, Bishop, 82; refers crown disputes to Edward I., 82
 Freeman, 131-2
 French master builders, 65, 66
 Friars, 51; secular canons, 51; Canons Regular, 51; Augustine's principles of life for the, 51; as cathedral masons, 70; Blackfriars of South Street, 81
 Froude on murder of Cardinal Beaton, 108
 Gameline, Bishop, 81
 Games, 133
 Gardyn of Banchory, Beatrice, 166
 "Garth," the, 55
 Gasquet, Cardinal, on Augustinian canons, 50
 Gate, the Abbey, 100, 104
 Glasgow, Archbishop of, 101-2, 143
 Glastonbury Church, 7
 Golf, origin, 192; St. Andrews, rules of, 93
 Goodman, Christopher, 118
 Gordon of Finlater, Sir John, 156
 "Gospel Christianity," 3

- Graham, Bishop Patrick, 92; as "Lord of Regality," 94; exactions of, 94
 Granary, the, 62
 Gregory VII., 45
 Greyfriars, monastery of, 91, 104
 Guard Bridge, 90
 Guild of cathedral builders, 64 *et seq.*; guild brotherhood, 132
 Hallam, dictum of, on Lollardism, 90
 Hamilton, Archbishop John, 113; endowment of St. Mary's College, 117; hanged, 118, 154
 Hamilton, Patrick, martyrdom of, 102
 Haunted Tower, the, 99
 Henry VIII., overtures to Scotland, 103, 106; invasion of Scotland, 106; intrigues of Scottish chiefs with, 112; his proposal to betray Scotland, 170
 Hepburn, Prior, 62; founds St. Leonard's College, 97; fights for the primacy, 98; builds defensive wall, 98
 Heretics, 110
 Herris, Lord, on reformers in St. Andrews Castle, 108
 Hildebrand, 45, 174
 Honorius III., Pope, provincial councils authorised by, 80
 Hugh, Bishop, 77
 Huntly, Earl of, 148, 155, 156
 Huss, Lollardism and the teaching of, 89
 Hymns or chants of early Scottish Celts, 5, 6
 Iconoclasm, Knox's outburst of, 120
 Institutional churches of St. Andrews, 53
 Inverness, Columba in, 12, 13
 Iona, buildings in, 7; Roman ecclesiasticism and, 12; aristocratic quality of Columba's missionaries in, 16; Ecbert in, 19; demolition in, 121
 Irish coadjutors, Columba's, 13 *et seq.*, 27
 James I., 86; encouragement of learning by, 88
 James III., birthplace of, 91
 James IV., Forman's influence with, 98
 James V., Archbishop Beaton's intrigues in the marriage of, 103; adherence to the Pope, 171
 Jessop, Dr., on Augustinian canons, 50
 Johnson, Dr., his visit to St. Andrews, 184-90
 Keledei, 22
 Kelso, Arnold, Abbot of, 75
 Kembach, 37
 Kennedy, James, Bishop, 90 *et seq.*; manifesto on university immunities, 138
 Kenneth, St., 27
 Kennethmont, 40
 Kill, the, 8
 Kilrule, 28
 Kilrymont, 2, 4, 9, 15, 21; Culdees of, 22, 23; Cainnech as founder of, 27; tenets of Iona thrown over in monastery of, 28; Augustinians at, 35
 Kirkheugh, 10, 24, 36
 Kirkliston, stewardship of, 94
 Klaus, 66
 Knights Templars, 131
 Knox, John, attack on St. Andrews by, 59; ordination at St. Andrews Castle, 84; connives at Cardinal Beaton's murder, 107, 109; complicity in murder of Rizzio, 109; entry into St. Andrews Castle, 114; consigned to the galleys, 115; released, 120; declines English bishopric, 120; his triumph, 120; relationship with Bothwell, 125; on women's apparel, 133; on education, 136; description of battle between Beaton and the Archbishop of Glasgow, 143; on Mary's exile 146; sermon on royal pleasures, 160; on proclamation of Mary and Darnley against rebels, 167-9; his conception of "liberty," 170; Mary Stuart's conference with, 175-9

- Lamberton, Bishop, 61, 83
 Landel, Bishop William de, 62, 84
 Lanfranc, 66
 Lawrence of Lindores, 89, 137
Legatus a latere, title of, 93
 Leicester, Earl of, 77
 Leslie, Bishop, on the persecution of the Lollards, 89
 Leslie, John, 107, 113
 Leuchar's Chapel, 40
 Lilly, Dr., on Augustinian canons, 50
 Lindsay of Pitscottie, on Bishop Kennedy, 91; description of life of Mary of Guise at St. Andrews, 103-5
 Linlithgow, devastation of, 85
Lockhart, St. Regulus' tower mentioned in, 26
 Lollards, James I.'s decree against 89; propaganda of, 89; Fogo's prosecution of, 89; Lyon on, 89
 Long Walk, 140
 "Lord of regality," 94
 Luther, Forman's treatise against, 98; Archbishop Beaton's resistance to doctrines of, 101
 Lyndsay, Sir David, 104, 123; printed works of, 129

 MacAlpin, Kenneth, 72
 MacGeoghegan, Abbé, on monks of Ireland, 3
 MacGibbon, description of St. Andrews Cathedral by, 60
 Magdalene, Princess, 103, 164, 171
 Mainard organises St. Andrews as a "burgh," 40, 74
 Major, John, 111, 122, 135
 Malcolm Canmore, 30
 Malcolm IV. confers burgess rights, 75
 Malvoisine, 80
 Mar, Earl of, 154
 Margaret, Queen, contribution of, to Catholicism, 31; share of, in project of the cathedral, 43; a Roman Catholic, 44; John Major's praise of, 44; her work summarised, 46; head carried to Edinburgh, 46; Turgot and, 73; her life, 182

 Martin of Tours, St., 22
 Martin V., support of, by St. Andrews Cathedral Chapter, 88
 Mary of Guise, 62, 103, 127, 144, 171, 172
 Mary Stuart, Buchanan's relations with, 141-2; her life in France, 146 *et seq.*; Throckmorton's account of, 147; murder of Darnley, 148, 181; her Protestant Cabinet, 148; plot to waylay, 152-3; visit to Highlands, 165; marriage, 165; letters to Queen Elizabeth, 166; proclamation against rebels, 167-9; conference with Knox, 175 *et seq.*
 Mary, Queen of Scots. *See* Mary Stuart
 Masericus, 66
 Masons' guilds, 69 *et seq.*
 Mass, celebration of, 87; forbidden, 122
 May monastery, 72
 Medical aid in monasteries, 10, 48
 Meikle Folla, 40
 Melrose Abbey, 65; inscriptions relative to John Morow, 66; Fogo appointed Abbot, 89
 Melville, Andrew, 141
 Melville, Viscount, 196
 Mendicant friars, 81, 91
 Miracles, 15, 16, 17, 34
 Monastery, domestic economy of the Columban, 8; purposes of a, 48
 Monifieth, 40
 Monks' Well, 9, 62
 Monymusk, stewardship of, 94
 Morals, Church, of Scotland, 134
 Moray, Earl of, 148, 154, 156, 174
 Moray, Andrew Forman, Bishop of, 98
 Moreau. *See* Morow, John
 Morow, John, 64; as hero of *The Outlaw Murray*, 67
 Muckros, 2
 Murray, Sir Andrew, 79
 Music, sacred, at St. Leonards College, 97
 Myln (Mill), martyrdom of, 119, 121

- Nectan, King, 21, 28-9
 New College, 138-9. *See also*
 St. Mary's College
 New Inn, 61, 104
 Norman bishops of St. Andrews,
 32
 Normans, St. Andrews settlement
 fathered by the, 50
 Northumberland, Earl of, 86
 Northumbrian masons and St.
 Regulus' Tower, 41
 Nydie Hill quarry, 42
- Ogilvie, Sir Thomas, 156
 Ogilvy, Henry, 87
 Old Guest House, 61
 Oratorium, 7
- Papacy, Cardinal Beaton and the,
 108-9; at an end in Scotland,
 122; Knox and the, 170
 Parliament at St. Andrews, 80, 83
 Pay, Prior Stephen de, 62, 84
 Pends, the, 100
 Pictland, St. Columba's mission
 to, 2; non-juring Columbans
 banished from, 20
 Picts, conversion of the, 13;
 Nectan's severance of, from
 Iona, 28
 Pinkie, battle of, 117
 Playfair, Rev. Patrick, 53
 Prayers, barbarian, 5
 Prelate. *See* Archbishop of St.
 Andrews
 Prentice Pillar of Roslin, 63
 Primacy, struggle between Glas-
 gow and St. Andrews for the,
 102
 Primates of St. Andrews, Norman,
 32. *See also* Archbishop of St.
 Andrews
 Priory, St. Andrews, 43; dangers
 incidental to priory life, 49;
 date of, 52; life in, 52; purpose
 of, 52; elaborate architecture
 of, 53; transept, 54; choir,
 54; cloister, 54-5; chapter
 house, 55; dormitory, 55;
 refectory, 55; calefactory, 56;
 recreation hall, 56; Scriptorium,
 56; Col. Campbell demolishes
 part of, 56; "ports" or gates
 of, 56; grounds of, 61; founda-
 tion of, by Bishop Robert, 74;
 canons of, 94; the Pends, 100;
 mill-stream, 145
 Proclamation against rebels,
 Queen Mary's, 167-9
 "Protector of Scotland," Henry
 VIII. as, 112
 Protestantism, 106 *et seq.*; French
 efforts to counteract, 116; in St.
 Andrews University, 118; Lynd-
 say's influence towards, 123
 Provost Mainard, 74
 "Psalm - snufflers," 89. *See also*
 Lollards
- Quarries, sandstone, 42
 "Queen's House, The," 144
 Quietists, 22
- Randolph, 158, 161-3
 Rector of St. Andrews Univer-
 sity, jurisdiction of, in com-
 plaints of debt, 138; change
 of title, 189
 Reformation, the effect of, upon
 St. Andrews, 54; provincial
 councils' recommendations and,
 80; demolition of Hepburn's
 wall, 100; Scottish resistance
 to, 101 *et seq.*; George Wish-
 art, 107; conspiracy of Angus
 and Douglas, 112; progress at
 St. Mary's and St. Leonards
 117; of St. Andrews University,
 109; triumphs in Scotland, 120;
 reasons for, in Scotland, 122
 Reformers, Scottish, 106, 120.
 See also Reformation, the
 Regalities, 94
 Regulus, 18. *See under* Rule, St.
 Relics of St. Andrews, 30, 34, 36,
 97
 "Religio," meaning of, 22
 Remoboths, 4
 Renan on Celtic religious instincts,
 7
 Resby, John, 89
 Restalrig, 25
 Riaghail, 15, 27. *See also under*
 Rule, St.

- Richard, Bishop, appointed to St. Andrews, 75; his orders as to interference with masons and workmen, 76; his official residence, 76
- Rizzio, murder of, 109
- Rob Roy, Glasgow Cathedral and, 26
- Robert, Bishop, conjectural founder of the Church of St. Regulus, 35, 38; consecrated, 74
- Robert de Blois, 66
- Robert de Losenge, 66
- Robert of Montrose, 137
- Robertson, Joseph, on date of foundation of St. Rule's Church, 38
- Robie, John, 47
- Robin Hood games, 133, 152
- Roger, Bishop, 77; his epitaph, 77; his feudalism, 79; his evidence in property disputes, 80
- Romanesque church, first, 31
- Rome, Columbans' relations with, 12, 20; Nectan and submission to, 29; propaganda in favour of, 38; Bishop Robert and Prior Robert submit projects to, 75; supports Scotland's independence, 75; Cardinal Beaton's relations with, 106-8
- Ronsard, 172
- Rothsay, David, Duke of, 85
- Rouch, John, 108
- Round Towers, 39, 40
- Royal and Ancient Golf Club, 194
- Rule, St., 25; conjecture concerning the Tower of, 27; in charge of Kilrymont, 28; legends in *Celtic Scotland* and in Lyon's *History* concerning his guardianship of the relics of St. Andrew, 34; conjectural date of Tower of, 34; policy of Regular Canons of, towards Culdees, 35; Bishop Robert erects priory of church of, 38; Eucharist at church of, 39; stone churches to the memory of, 40; beginning of Romanesque building extant to-day, 41; stone steps of church of, 41; nave of church, 41; choir of church, 41; quarried stone used in building tower of, 42; spiritual significance of tower of, 43; no transept, 54; final resting-place of bishops and priors, 54; effect of the Reformation on priory, 54; rapine, 121
- St. Andrew. *See* Andrew, St.
- St. Andrews, ancient designations of, 2, 3, 10; Culdee ruins at, 24; Wilkie at, 26; Kilrule, 30; a "burgh," 40; Bishop Arnold founds Cathedral, 40; Priory of (*see under* Priory of St. Andrews); institutional churches, 53; diocese of, 72; first Roman bishop of, 72; cosmopolitan crowds in, 74; Castle of, 77; parliament at, 80, 83; devastation of by Edward I., 83; University of, 86; Henry Ogilvy at, 87; Lollard martyrs of, 89-90; first archbishop, 93; stewardship of, 94; Hepburn's wall, 98; triumph of Knox's doctrine at, 120; French attempt on, 122; in reign of Queen Mary, 127; Customs, 129; Tolbooth, 129; thoroughfares, 130; houses, 131; charter, 131; burghers and non-burghers, 131; Mary of Guise at, 103-5, 149-50; in Cromwell's time, 184; Dr. Johnson's visit, 184; port of, 191; modern, 191 *et seq.*; climate, 182; golf, 192, Carlyle on, 200
- St. Basil. *See* Basil, St.
- St. Columba. *See* Columba, St.
- St. John's College, 138
- St. Katharine's School, 195
- St. Kentigern's Chapel, 40
- St. Leonards Hostelry, 32
- St. Leonards College, 61, 88; foundation and endowment of, 97; Watson at, 185; Dr. Johnson's visit, 187

- St. Leonards School, 61, 62
 St. Martin. *See* Martin, St.
 St. Mary's Church, 99
 "St. Mary of the Rock," 9, 25
 St. Mary's College, 88, 97, 103, 117, 138, 140, 196
 St. Michael, Tarvet church of, 97
 St. Mungo's Cathedral, 26
 St. Peter, chapel of, 144
 St. Peter's Church, 28
 St. Regulus' Tower, 26. *See also* *under* Rule, St.
 St. Rule. *See* Rule, St.
 St. Rule's Church, Augustinians' attempt to oust Culdees from, 24; as a Chapel Royal, 25
 St. Salvator, the, 92
 St. Salvator's College, 88, 90-1; right of, to grant degrees, 93; Catholic professors of, 117; building and dedication of, 139; Andrew Melville, 141
 Sancta Maria de Rupe, 9, 25
 Sarabaites, 4
 Schools, grammar, 136
 Scone, St. Andrews diocese and the kingdom of, 43; Prior Robert leaves, 74; Edward I.'s award at, 82; Lamberton crowns Bruce at, 83; James I. crowned at, 88
 Scotland, early kingdoms of, 12; Colomba's influence on modern, 17; inauguration of modern "Scotland," 72; Rome and the independence of, 75; cultivation in, 126; cereals, 126; villages, 126; Boece on diet of people of, 126; Ayala on buildings of, 127; roads and bridges of, 127; social conditions of, at the Reformation, 128
 "Scots," the designation of, 29
 Scott, Sir Walter, description of St. Mungo's Cathedral by, 26
 Scriptorium of St. Andrews Priory, 56
 Secular clergy, 21
 See of St. Andrews, emoluments of, 76
 Senzie House, 61
 Session, Court of, 87; jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the, 93
 Shevez, Archbishop, 93, 95
 Shipping licences, 94
 Sixtus IV., Pope, supports Graham's claim to archiepiscopal see, 93
 Skene, Dr., on relics of St. Andrew, 35; on the work of Queen Margaret, 46
 Sorbonne, the, 116
 "Sorners," 128
 Spiritual society, feudalism and the idea of a, 45
 Stewart, Lord James, 148, 149
 Stewart, Thomas, Bishop, 85
 Stone churches, 40
 Strickland, Miss, her account of Mary Stuart's conference with Knox, 175-9
 Stronzius, Leon, 115
 Struel's Fair, 40
 Stuart, Alexander, Archbishop, 95; reputed skeleton of, 97
 Stuart, James, Archbishop, 95
 Sumptuary laws, 133
 Swallow Street, 161
 Taxation, 127
 Tay valley, Nectan's churches in the, 28
 Thomson, John, 111
 Throckmorton, Sir Nicholas, 147, 171
 Tolbooth (Town Hall), 129
 Tower of St. Regulus, date of, 27; material of, 42; spiritual significance of, 43, 45. *See also* *under* Rule, St.
 Traill, Bishop, appointment, 84; Fordun's account of, 84
 Treaties with England, 106
 Trent, Council of, 120, 155, 166
 Trinity, Holy, endowment of Parish Church of the, 73
 "Tron," 129
 Tucker, Thomas, his report on St. Andrews, 184
 Tulidaffe, John, 111

- Turgot, on the influence of Queen Margaret, 46; first Roman bishop of St. Andrews, 72; founded Parish Church of the Holy Trinity, St. Andrews, 73
- University of St. Andrews, foundation of, 86-8; rector of, and the right to grant degrees, 93; converted to Protestantism, 118; Scotland's first university, 137; early lecturers, 137; provisional charter, 137; exemption from civil tolls and taxes, 138; decay of, 196; grant, 196; extension of library, 196; parliamentary subsidy, 197; Carnegie Trust, 197; present staff, 197; Senatus Academicus, 197; general council, 197; women students, 198
- "Virgin King, the," 75
- Wadlock, John, 91
- Wallace, William, ejection of Bishop Cumyn by, 83
- Wapinshaws, 133
- Wardlaw, Bishop, restorative work of, 62; appointed, 86; persecution of the Lollards, 89; Guard Bridge, 90
- Wattled buildings, 7 *et seq.*, 28
- Wearmouth, Abbot of, 28
- White, John, 6
- Wickliffe, Lollardism and the teachings of, 89
- William of Sens, 70
- Wishart, Bishop, 58, 81, 107, 144
- Witches' Pool, 110
- Wizardry, 110
- Wynram, John, 111
- Wyntoun, records of, as to St. Regulus' Church, 33, 37; as to central tower of Cathedral, 62; on destruction of St. Andrews Castle, 79; on Fraser's episcopate, 82; on Walter de Danyelstone, 85
- York, Archbishop of, forbidden to consecrate Bishop Arnold, 75

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